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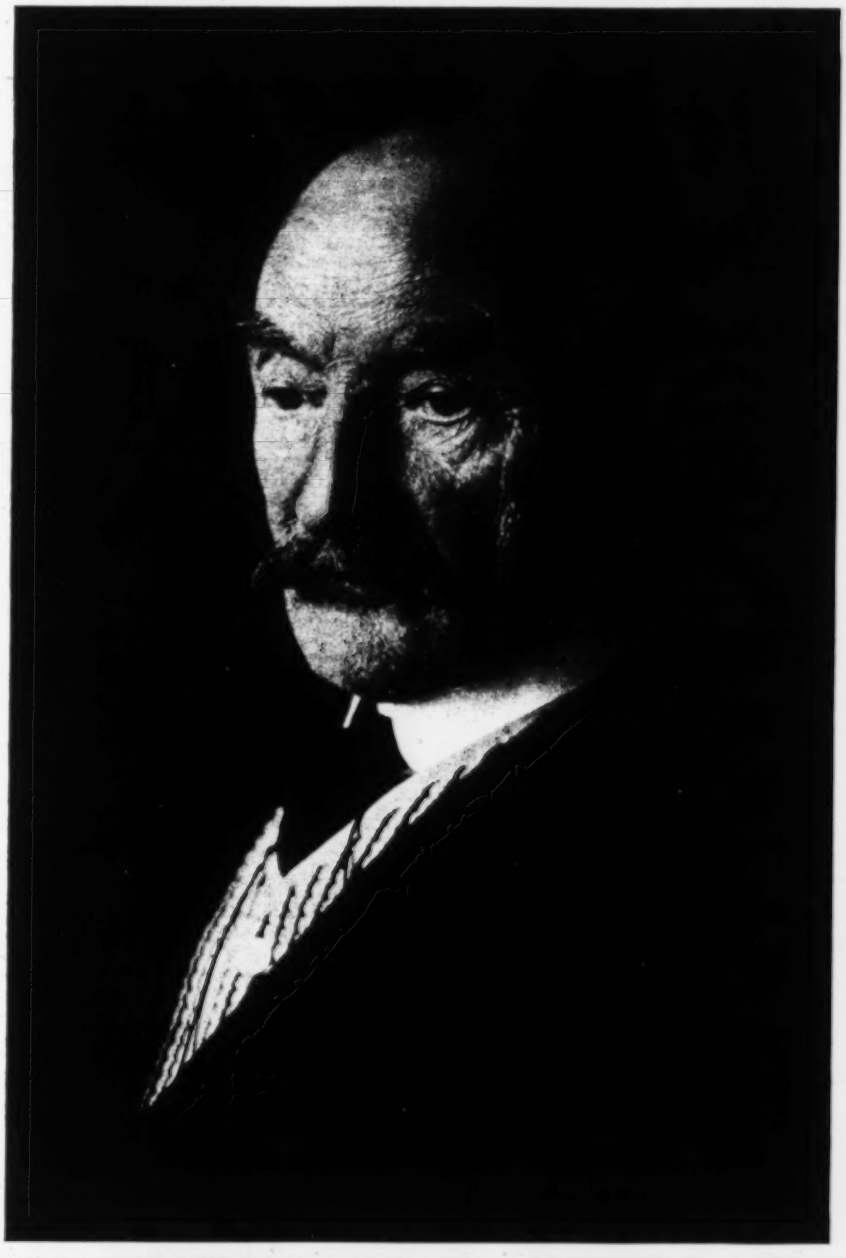

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. THOMAS HARDY

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NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES. PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC., ETC.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: JAMES MILNE. By Robert Birkmyre.

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XUM

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Mr. Yorke writes with ease, swing, and vigour. There stands out from it all the hardy and hearty ring of the man who knows, the expressiveness of the man who appreciates, the force of the man who is earnest, the fire and freedom of originality, and the enthusiasm of the patriot. . . . . The poems are replete with merit, with character and with genuine interest.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We congratulate Sir Henry Newbolt on the well-earned honour the King has conferred upon him. A reader writes to suggest that the publication of a Newbolt Number of *The Bookman* last November indicates a notable prescience in us. We hope it did.

"The Lonely Nietzsche," the second and concluding volume of the authorised "Life of Nietzsche," written by his sister, has just been published by Mr. William Heinemann.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "A Lover's Tale," which is now appearing serially in the *Windsor Magazine*, will be issued in volume form shortly by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

"The Healing of Nations," a new volume of essays by Edward Carpenter, will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

"A Life of Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury," by Algernon Cecil, is to be published this month by Mr. John Murray.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing a portfolio of twenty "Kultur Cartoons" by Will Dyson, with a foreword by H. G. Wells, at the modest price of two shillings.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing "Elfin Songs of Sunland," by the Canadian poet and essayist, Charles Keeler.

Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing "Krupp and Kruppism: The Scandal of Modern Civilization," by H. Robertson Murray—a book which is expected to create something of a sensation.

Mr. Heinemann has re-issued in popular form Professor Seignobos's famous work, "The Political History of Contemporary Europe."

Captain J. W. Ginsbury, the impressionist portrait-artist, a valued contributor to *The Bookman*, has gone to the front with his regiment, the 2nd City of London Royal Fusiliers, and writes to ask us to mention in our pages that his troops are short of pipes and tobacco. Any of our readers wishing to contribute to a fund for supplying these are invited to send pipes, tobacco, cigarettes, or a donation towards purchasing them, to Mr. E. Hudson, 36, Grand Avenue, Muswell Hill, N., who has kindly undertaken to forward all such gifts to the regiment.

XUM

Canon E. A. Wharton Gill,
whose new novel, "An Irishman's Luck," is reviewed in this Number. With Canon Gill in the portrait is his son, H. De Arze Gill, 32nd Battalion of the 2nd Canadian contingent.

"The Track of the War," which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing immediately, tells a vivid personal story of Mr. Scotland Liddell's experiences in some of the most thrilling and terrible phases of the present campaign. One chapter deals with the saving of the famous Rubens and Van Dyck masterpieces from Malines. Mr. Liddell's friend and companion, Captain Albert de Keersmaecker, went alone to Malines under the shell-fire of the Germans and brought back the world-renowned pictures to a place of safety. On another occasion this same friend was captured by the Germans, when by a lucky chance Mr. Liddell escaped arrest.

So many separate poems have been sent to Mr. Erskine Macdonald for inclusion in the series of anthologies of modern English poets, which Miss S. Gertrude Ford is editing for him, that he asks us to mention that his Anthologies of Georgian Poetry are to consist of a series of individual volumes of poems, each volume being by a separate author.

A new novel of newspaper life, "The Great Mirage," by James L. Ford, will be published shortly by Messrs. Harper.

The Rev. Fr. C. C. Martindale, S.J., has accepted the invitation of Cardinal Bourne and Mr. A. C. Benson to write the authorised "Life of Monsignor R. Hugh Benson." He will be glad to receive letters written by Monsignor Benson from any who are kind enough to lend them. They may be sent to him at Stonyhurst College, Blackburn, and will in all cases be returned. No other biography will be authorised by Monsignor Benson's representatives.

"Dunmohr of the Guards," a military society novel by Mulvy Ouseley, is announced by Messrs. J. M. Ouseley & Sons.

"The Environment of Early Christianity," by the Rev. Professor S. Angus, will be published shortly by Messrs. Duckworth in their Studies in Theology series.

In "The Service Kipling" Messrs. Macmillan are issuing a very attractive edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works in a series of twenty-six volumes at half-a-crown each. The books are clearly and well printed on good paper, are tastefully bound in blue cloth, and are light to hold and a handy size for the pocket. The first fourteen volumes are now ready, and include "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Soldiers Three," "Wee Willie Winkie," "From Sea to Sea," "Life's Handicap," and "The Light that Failed." Mr. Kipling is essentially the author for the active man, and one may be

Mr. James Oliver Curwood
(author of "Kazan") cooking a bannock in the Hudson Bay wilds.
Mr. Curwood's new novel, "God's Country and the Woman," will be published this month by Messrs. Cassell.

sure that in this pleasant, convenient form his books will be a welcome part of the easily portable library that nowadays relieves the long days and nights of waiting on the sea and in the trenches.

"Wings of Wax," which Messrs. Methuen have just published, is a novel of South African life by a real South African writer. Miss Yelva Burnett, the author, was born in Kimberley, and has had special opportunities of studying the people she describes in her story. Her father, a Port Elizabeth merchant, worked in the diamond fields in his early days. Her uncle, the Rev. Abraham Steytler, is Moderator of the Dutch Reformed Church and a man of large influence among the Dutch of the Colony. He holds the position of Chaplain to the Union Parliament, and his manifesto to his compatriots at the outbreak of Maritz's rebellion had a great effect in rallying orthodox Dutch opinion to the side of the Government. Miss Burnett was educated in England, first at Abbey School, Malvern, and later at the Royal College of Music in London. Subsequently she went to the Leipzig Conservatoire, and on her return to South Africa made a considerable reputation on the concert platform as 'cellist and elocutionist. About eight years ago she came back to England and obtained engagements as a reciter in and about London. She also did much orchestral work, being for some time 'cellist in the Ladies' orchestra at Rumpelmeyer's in St. James's Street. Although "Wings of Wax" is her first novel, Miss Burnett has contributed a large number of stories to the weekly and monthly magazines.

Photo by Hollis & Sons. **Miss Yelva Burnett.**

One of the most virile and characteristically Australian poets is Mr. A. Safroni-Middleton, whose new book of verse, "Bush Songs and Overseas Voices," is published by Mr. John Long. At the age of fourteen he was serving before the mast of a sailing ship. He quitted the ship at Brisbane and became a Boundary Rider, but having studied the violin in "off watches" at sea, and during lonely camp nights "way back," he secured an engagement as violinist first at the Brisbane Theatre and later at Her Majesty's, Sydney. Then he went to sea again, and after much wandering among the South Sea islands, settled at Samoa, where he composed the melodies for his military band "Entr'acts," "Song of the Night" and "Monk's Dream," which were published by Messrs. Boosey.

Photo by Alan Cartwright, West Norwood. **Mr. Safroni-Middleton.**

New volumes in the admirable re-issue of Bohn's Popular Library (1s. net each; Bell & Son) are Smollett's "Roderick Random," Fielding's "Amelia," Plutarch's "Lives," Hawthorne's "Transformation," Washington Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," Munro's Translation of "Lucretius," Lessing's "Laokoon," two more volumes of Lane's "Arabian Nights," Schopenauer's Essays, Tales by William Hauff, and Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare."

The Rev. L. MacLean Watt, B.D., whose striking little volume, "Britannia's Answer, and Other War

Rev. Lauchlan Maclean Watt.

Poems," is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, is the well-known minister of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. He was born in Skye, and is an M.A. of Edinburgh University. "The Poet Preacher of the North," as he has been called, is an authority on Gaelic folklore, history and antiquities, and is the author of a number of books on devotional and literary subjects. A few weeks ago he left England for service at the front.

The new War Books received include:

"The Silk Hat Soldier, and Other Poems." By Richard le Gallienne. 1s. net. (John Lane.) They have the deeper human note that so much of our war poetry lacks. The best of them is, perhaps, "Christmas in War-Time," with its poignant close:

> "Be happy softly, children, for a woe
> Is on us, a great woe for little fame,—
> Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
> And leave the holly for another year,
> Its berries are too red."

"Jessie Pope's War Poems." 1s. net. (Grant Richards.) A welcome collection of the gallant, vigorous lyrics Miss Pope has recently contributed to the *Daily Mail* and other papers.

"America's Arraignment of Germany." By Dr. J. William White. 1s. net. (Harrap.)

"The Foot Guards." By The Hon. John W. Fortescue. 3d. net. (Macmillan.)

"Letters of an Old Garibaldian." By. G. K. Chesterton. 3d. net. (Methuen.)

"The New (German) Testament." By Anthony Hope. 3d. net. (Methuen.)

"The Christian's War Book." Edited and arranged by Marr Murray. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Der Tag." By Sir J. M. Barrie. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Per Christum Vinces: Prayers in War Time." 4d. net. (Longmans.)

"The Soldier's Word and Phrase Book," (English—French—German.) 6d. net. (Harrap.)

"What is Wrong with Germany." By W. H. Dawson. 2s. net. (Longmans.)

"The Psychology of the Great War." By G. R. Stirling Taylor. 2s. net. (Martin Secker.)

"The Soldier's English and French Conversation Book." Compiled by Walter M. Gallichan. 7d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Photo by Newman Flower.

Andrew Soutar,
whose new novel, "Charity Corner," Messrs. Cassell have published.

"Samuel Naylor and 'Reynard the Fox': A Study in Anglo-German Literary Relations.' By L. A. Willoughby. 1s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

"The German Army in War." By A. Hilliard Atteridge. 1s. net. (Methuen.)

"General Joffre." By a French Gunner. 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The Life Story of Albert, King of the Belgians." By Percy Cook Bishop. 2d. (Aldine Publishing Co.).

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

JAMES MILNE.

I HAD intended to write about Mr. Milne as a genial, garrulous essayist, a raconteur, above all a sentimentalist, but the great shadow has come between me and my purpose. I can only think of Mr. Milne in the terms of "Tommy Atkins"; I can only remember perhaps the least of his works, "The Epistles of Atkins."

How appropriate to-day this book is! How one will turn to it and piece together the story of the British soldier in all the sad, brave humour of modern warfare! One wants so much to think and write of other things. Nothing would have pleased me more than to have gone on a sentimental journey, perhaps no farther than the Green Park, or Kensington Gardens, with "My Summer in London" in hand and, perhaps—no, there is no doubt about it—the latest war edition. I might have gone down to the sea and lost myself in the green labyrinth of the hills, and played with the leaves of "John Jonathan and Company"—not now! Books for long, lazy, holiday afternoons close your pages. Daydreams, sentimentalities, farewell!

Mr. James Milne, long known in Fleet Street as the shrewd and "pawky" literary editor of a great London daily, is a Scotsman from the Aberdeenshire side of the Land o' Cakes—remote Strathdon—the heart of the Gordon and Forbes country. You can picture the place. Beauty has its font here; romance her temple. There is a legend in almost every stone, or

at least a superstition, for the Aberdeenshire Highlander is a highly superstitious man, gifted or troubled with the "second sight." It is easy to account for the superstitious character of this type of Scotsman. In that wild, moorland country, where the witches of Macbeth held their loathsome incantations, there is a ghost in the wailing of the wind; the voice of the "burn" between the bracken is frightsome and eerie. Mr. Milne may, or may not, have the "second sight"—I know that Mr. Neil Munro has it. It is the mystic note of "The Lost Pibroch" and "John Splendid"; the burden of it is tears and lamentations—the Highland coronach.

At any rate, Mr. Milne has trod the heather in the valleys of the Don and the Dee—the two historic streams of Aberdeenshire; breathed the balsam of the peat as it curls from the crofter's cot among the hills; heard the music of the "burn" and the "lintie" in the wood, and these things will always influence a man for good or ill. He has now changed all that. The gleaming Thames, seen from the Embankment, with barges going dreamily up and down, has given place to the Dee and the Don—but then the Scot in London can make what dreams he will. The Thames is quite as beautiful to the dreamer of dreams.

Photo by E. O Hoppé.

Mr. James Milne.

Mr. Milne has led a busy, active life. In his quite young days he sat at the feet of that fine Scot, William Alexander, the author of "Gushetneuk," written in the broad Doric—who was the worthy successor of John Galt, the Ayrshire idyllist, and the inspired forerunner of the whole Barrie School. As a journalist on the *Aberdeen Free Press* and later on the *Scottish Leader*, the author of "John Jonathan and Company" learned a good deal about the practical side of newspaper work—an invaluable training. Being a Scotsman he was not content with a local habitation and a name. He was looking over the border at the "noble prospect" of England. He came to London, saw men and things as a travelling representative on the staff of the News Agency. He then went to the *Daily Chronicle*, of which he is now literary editor. Incidentally he has founded and edits the *Book Monthly*; but he laments, with mock ruefulness, that its success has not yet run to a ninety-nine horse-power motor car, and probably never will! These are the meagre facts. Let us take the measure of the man.

Mr. Milne has one characteristic common to all Scotsmen besides mere waggishness and leg-pulling—he is a hero worshipper. It plays havoc with his pen—to our delight! He may set out to sentimentalise about the "Row" in the London season as in "My Summer in London"; he may want to sing about the joys of ocean travel in an Atlantic greyhound as in "John Jonathan and Company," but it is ten to one if he gets very far without drifting into a pleasant vein of anecdotage about men like Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Stevenson or Cardinal Newman. These are four saints that keep watch and ward at his literary bedpost; especially Stevenson. who, by the way, wrote "Treasure Island" at Braemar, the capital of the Aberdeenshire Highlands; and Sir George Grey, whom he knew intimately in London, during the closing years of that great Briton's life.

We like this vein; it suits well the pleasant, rambling spirit of the thing. Mr. Milne has an extensive and peculiar acquaintance with the anecdotal side of human nature. "John Jonathan and Company," whimsically described by the author as a "bachelor honeymoon," is full of the peculiar sparkle and gaiety we associate with the holiday spirit. The writer has thrown off the fardels of the workaday world and makes you companion to his mood. You will not find a ruffle, not even an eddy, in this serene atmosphere. It is astonishing the things Mr. Milne finds to write about; nothing seems to be too small to be swept into his wide net, and in this sense his work may be called a commentary and a criticism of life. He is the philosopher of little things, the things that really matter, after all, in a world so careful of the things that count. We do believe that he would write a well-turned paragraph on a speck of dust dancing in the sunshine, following it in all its airy peregrinations till it committed suicide in the baleful eye of the Dismal Person. He not only discourses wisely and well on sky-scrapers and writes of the thunders of Niagara when later on he gets to Canada, but he takes note of such a little thing as the crease in the New York policeman's trousers, a thing the ordinary man would have thought too trivial for comment or remembrance.

That is just where Mr. Milne scores as a critic and commentator of life; he touches up the little things that lie so drab and dismal to the view, he gives a new coat of paint to old thoughts and ideas, till the commonplace itself becomes a shining and golden thing, familiar but glorified. He is as full of homely wisdom as a spae-wife; some of his images are startlingly poetic: his "poesy" comes as easy as his prose. He talks of the big ocean liner as "the dainty-footed beauty who skims the ocean as if it were a ball-room, cutting the waves into petticoated billows,"—he is full of such conceits—and there is a great deal of philosophy, not to say humour, in this apparent commonplace: "When a girl flicks specks from the jacket of her sweetheart you may be sure that their courtship has reached the

decisive stage." If ever it is our good fortune to cross the Atlantic we shall certainly take "John Jonathan and Company" with us, as we have taken "My Summer in London" in many a ramble about town. They are both in the same gay, gossipy vein, although "My Summer in London" is more anecdotal, more reminiscent. Here is the magic of great names; we walk in the footsteps of the illustrious dead, in the streets of the living, led by Mr. Milne.

His serious side as a writer is reflected in "The Romance of a Pro-Consul," a life of Sir George Grey, the Pioneer of the Federal Idea,—one of the world's great patriots. Mr. Milne was happily inspired when he wrote this book. He has not only caught the fine shades of a singularly attractive character, reminding one in its chivalry and simplicity of Sir Walter Scott, whom Sir George Grey resembled in many ways, but he has given us a whole gallery of pen-portraits of the men of the period. The book is a real monument; a tribute to greatness and, rare thing in a biography, it can be read like a romance. It reminds one of a sculpture, chiselled from the life by a deft hand, but the spirit is there as well as the lineaments, faithfully reproduced. Here is a glowing picture of the man showing Mr. Milne's sympathetic and illuminating treatment of his hero:

"Sir George could fire imagination in the most ordinary mortal, carrying him off into enchanted realms. He sailed to strange skies, a knight-errant of a star, and he could tow the masses with him. He lifted them out of themselves, and put a label on their vague yearnings. They had imagination, the instinct upward, and were grateful to have it discovered. The poetry of Sir George's nature flavoured his language, alike in manner of delivery and turn of phrase. It had a quaint old-world style; it fell slowly, in a low, soothing voice. He might have spent his days in the cloister, rather than in the din of hammering up hearths for the Anglo-Saxon. Perhaps it was that he had talked so long to the hills of Oceana, catching their simplicity and music. You were reminded of the measured English of an old and loveable book, just as you grew used to read in his face what he was to say before the words had begun to flow. Never was there a face more quick to reflect the mind, more pliable to humour, more luminous at some stirring idea or deed, more indignant at the bare notion of a wrong inflicted, softer at the call of sympathy."

We come now to where we started, to "The Epistles of Atkins," perhaps the least pretentious, but certainly the most topical of all Mr. Milne's books; a book which he recently supplemented, by editing for the *Daily Chronicle* War Library a volume of letters written by our incomparable soldiers from the Armageddon which is re-mapping Europe. Possibly, he may later write a volume about this war, on the same lines as the happily entitled and widely read "Epistles," but that is on the knees of the literary gods.

"The Epistles of Atkins" takes us back to the Boer War, a local affair compared to the European conflagration. But its contents, mostly written in the firing line, are wondrously like the letters we are now reading day by day in the newspapers from soldiers in action. Some of these simple, direct epistles, we say it without hesitation, are gems of literature.

It's a long, long way from Magersfontein and Colenso to the far-flung battle line in Flanders, but human nature is a universal thing not changed by time or circumstance or locality, and the humour of "Tommy Atkins" has not been dimmed by smoke and fire; it shines all the clearer in the grime of battle—it is like tinder, ready to burst into flame at any moment, and in this it is close akin to wit.

During the Boer War Mr. Milne, caught by the spirit of the hour as we are now, sat down and reconstructed the story of the war as told by soldiers in their letters home. It is probably not only the most carefully collected budget of letters of the South African War, but it is an acute, psychological study of the British soldier in all the phases of conflict. It is not only a budget of war stories—it is a complete biography of the British soldier in action.

Tommy Atkins is apologising for using a stump of pencil, "We have to employ our typewriters for chopping wood here, as we are short of axes." Yes, as Mr. Milne says in a neat epigram, "Atkins is a master of the graphic sentence, the picturesque phrase; he explodes into literary shrapnel." We read of a soldier in the firing line stooping to pick up a letter which has fallen from his pocket. He had forgotten it in the hurry of saddling his horse. He now stands on a hillock before the enemy's fire and reads it line by line before he cocks his rifle. Then there are tales of Atkins looking at himself in the lid of a tin-can and being frightened at his appearance, which is something between Robinson Crusoe and Rip van Winkle. "What are those insects buzzing around?" a drummer boy of the Gordons asks a sergeant-major. "Lad," says he, "they're not insects—they're bullets."

Nothing we have come across sums up better the spirit of the British "Tommy" than the inimitable dialogue between a member of the old C.I.V. and a Regular. It might have come red hot from Kipling:

"'E comes up to me,' the Regular reports, 'an' 'e sez to me, sez 'e, "Look 'ere, me man, where can I find your sergeant-major?"'

"I looks at 'im an' I sez, 'What are you,' sez I.

"'E sez, 'I'm a City Imperial Volunteer,' sez 'e.

"'Oh!' sez I.

"'Yus,' sez 'e.

"'Yus,' sez I. 'You're a Volunteer an' I'm a Regular, I sez, 'an' you ain't goin' to lord it over me,' I sez, 'with yer "me man."' Don't forget it,' sez I. 'I didn't get no Freedom of the City,' sez I. 'The only thing the Lord Mayor ever giv' me,' sez I, 'was fourteen days for fur'ous drivin',' I sez. 'I wasn't entertained to tea,' sez I, 'by all the dooks and earls of London,' I sez, 'I wasn't hugged and kissed,' I sez, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit, an' so are you, me lad.'

"'Yus,' sez he, 'an' damn proud of it,' sez 'e.

"'So am I,' sez I.

"'Well, come an' 'ave a drink,' sez 'e.

"'Right you are,' sez I; 'now you're talkin'.'"

It is essentially a "pawky" book, "The Epistles of Atkins," like the character of the man; and the Scotch "pawkiness," a dry, shrewd, humorous way of looking at and commenting on things, is sometimes quite beyond the comprehension of the Englishman. As "The Romance of a Pro-Consul" can be got in Nelson's Shilling Library, so a new edition of "The Epistles" has lately been included in Mr. Dent's Wayfarer's Library, and we recommend it as giving a good idea of what our soldiers are in a war-time like the present, and of Mr. Milne's fine quality both as author and editor.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

THE READER.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY.*

By Laurence Binyon.

" What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away,
Ere the barn-cocks say,
Night is growing grey ? "

WE cannot but be glad that the lines, which we read in *The Times* a month after the war began, came in time to close, as a " postscript," Mr. Hardy's last volume of poems. For their grave, haunting strain seems to well from a deeper, less conscious spring in the poet's mind, and the feeling with which they are full breathes a music into them which we often miss in his verse.

What is it sets a poet singing? The surcharge of emotion which issues in a lyric may spring from despair as well as joy, though with the outflow into music a kind of joy will come. The dejection in the thought of the lines that Shelley wrote on the sands near Naples could not cloud the radiance of the images that gathered in his speech, or check the melodious vehemence of his utterance; we feel that the impulse behind the lyric was something profounder than the ostensible stimulus. So one may perhaps wonder why Mr. Hardy, with his ingrained bleak convictions about life and the universe, should feel impelled to express himself in lyric form at all. What is the source of that energy which urges him to shape stanza after stanza of careful workmanship, marvels sometimes of concentrated effort, when the master-thoughts within them press out at the end so bitter a drop? Doubtless all deep sincerity has its own exuberance; its will is to expression; and Mr. Hardy is nothing if not sincere. We could wish, indeed, for poetry's sake, that he were less wholly consistent, that his moods were more variable. It seems as if he could rarely surrender himself to the moment's absorbing emotion; the steady conviction of life's irony and pain is always there to dye the emotion with its tinge of rueful colour. Only now and again, as in that marching song, the sense of the goodness of effort in a cause gives an unwonted kindling to the verse; or the poignant illumination of memory, bringing back hours of joy and youth and laughter, and glorifying remembered haunts and places by " the wandering western sea," thrillingly vibrates through a cluster of little poems, deeply personal, which are intense with loss. Mr. Hardy is an artist, and has the artist's vivid sensitiveness to the inexhaustible beauties of earth and sky, in stable form and changeful colour; but he has also the artist's deeper power, the shaping instinct. And if we would understand these poems of a great artist's old age, we should perhaps refrain from asking why he seems so insistently, as with a morbid absorption in the theme, to harp on that familiar note of the implanted crookedness of things and the inbred malignity of chance. For most artists are haunted by some theme which it is their passion to express, and with the expression of which they are never satisfied. Painters are haunted by a type: and a Watteau or a Rossetti will spend themselves in drawing, over and over again, the same woman, whose last eluding charm seems ever to escape them, for all their weariless research in line and curve of neck and cheek and brow. " Life's Little Ironies," " Time's Laughing-stocks," " Satires of Circumstance "—the titles Mr. Hardy has chosen for tales or poems indicate the theme for which he seems to be always seeking to find the ultimate, most crystallised expression. In the group of poems which give their name to this volume he tries a severer condensation than any form yet found. Compared with the novels, they have the effect of little, deeply-bitten etchings beside large, elaborate paintings. The circumstances are various, the satire is the same. It is the satire, silent but profound, which the student of Bradshaw sometimes feels impelled to attribute to our railway-system, when planning a cross-country journey and finding the most admirable trains timed to miss the indispensable connection by just five minutes. In Mr. Hardy's world all the trains, one would think, are so timed. Or (to continue the image) it is just when the train has irrevocably started that the passenger realises that close to him is the vision of his heart's desire, the face and the form that call to him out of all the world, the " immer-geliebte," the " längst-verlorene,"—only she looks from the window of a carriage that is being borne away on the other line of rails, swiftly and irrevocably out of sight and reach. Yet there is nothing here of Heine's romantic sentiment with its sudden recoiling mockery; nor anything like Swift's " sæva indignatio "; it is rather the artist impersonally striving to mould his haunting theme into this shape or to that, with the utmost

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Thomas Hardy.**

* " Satires of Circumstance." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan). 4s. 6d. net.

suppression of irrelevance and ornament, the utmost economy of condensation. What reader of the Wessex novels has not noted their author's steady passion for the precise, the real epithet, at whatever sacrifice of superficial beauties of style? That long discipline in research of language persists in Mr. Hardy's verse. He is never seduced by sound; firm delineation, even in the shades and subtleties of feeling, is for him essential. The result is sometimes disconcerting; the mechanism of a stanza creaks and groans with the pressure of its working. There is something incongruous between the prosaic plainness of the speech and the tight structure of rather elaborate lyric form to which it is trimmed. The long "Conversation at Dawn" is a case in point. It is interesting to all of us who are admirers of Mr. Hardy's genius to watch him at such work; but it is hard to see the gain of a metre for such matters. This is not one of the "Satires," which are all short and pointed. And if some of this group of fifteen poems have a similar lack of inevitable form, a few are equally typical and masterly of their kind. Perhaps the most memorable is the last, "In the Moonlight," where a lonely workman stands and stares as in a dream at a grave, as if he would raise the soul of her who lay within it.

"Ah—she was the one you loved, no doubt,
Through good and evil, through rain and drought,
And when she passed, all your sun went out."
"Nay: she was the woman I did not love,
Whom all the others were ranked above,
Whom during her life I thought nothing of."

It is as if Giles Winterbourne had lived to gaze on the grave of Marty South. We are reminded of the novels again in the little piece, "Seen by the Waits," where a moonlit glimpse is caught of the "lonely manor-lady" airily dancing to the music in her room, thinking herself unseen—dancing for joy because news has come that her "roving husband" is dead. But in this, and far more in some other pieces, we are jarred by what seems a kind of callousness. Probably we should not feel this if Mr. Hardy had more of the singing-note of a Burns, a Heine, a Poe, whose music by its victorious energy can carry the horrible and ugly from the world of fact into the world of idea. Mr. Hardy's *macabre* stories are told so evenly and bluntly that we cannot bear that he should be so calm, and feel revolted. Horror, to be tolerable, needs a strong excitement; when we are in the thrilled state, the art that has played on our pulses can make its own joy of it. Mr. Hardy is not of "the tribe that feel in melodies," and we must take his art as it is. He will not relieve us by sheer beauty; but, oddly enough, some of these charnel pieces of which he is so fond procure us the relief of laughter. This at least is the effect of the singular little dialogue between the dead woman and the dog which scratches at her grave. Disappointed of her first fancy that it was her husband, or at least her kinsfolk, planting flowers there, she consoles her poor heart with the thought that her little dog at least was true to her; and is thus answered:

"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot,
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot
It was your resting-place."

Surely the comic triumphs here over the bitter and the grim!

But we should be unjust to Mr. Hardy if we did not recognise the tenderness that is very deep in the texture of his art, though it is as little obtruded as the courage of his outlook on this so bungled planet. How typical of him is the care for the "hurt, misrepresented names," to which history does no justice! He is haunted by the ghosts of these "spectres that grieve." One of the best poems in the book, a longish piece of admirable and easy narrative, "The Abbey Mason," is inspired by the same motive; it has an unwonted mellowness of tone. But still more intimately characteristic is the "Roman Graveyards." The poet watches a man with a spade and basket going to dig among "Rome's dim relics"; and he supposes him an antiquary, whose mind is filled with that Roman vastness still so towering in our imagination. But no, it is his little white cat that he is going to bury; the "small furred life" is more to him than all the glories of the Cæsars. And the mourner's mood "has a charm" for Mr. Hardy.

CHAMBERLAIN.*

By RICHARD WHITEING.

MR. MACKINTOSH'S work is one previously published, and now published again with additions bringing it "to date." It is by a well-known Gallery man of the House of Commons, and perhaps this accounts for a mode of treatment that makes it deserving of its sub-title. The best of this type are impartial by the nature of their calling, and quite in the movement, if they only knew it, in being concerned only with things as they are without the bias of a moral.

It is still too early for an estimate of the great figure that has just passed away. Joseph Chamberlain still belongs to party, and years must pass before we can hope to know how much of him is left for mankind. The outburst of laudatory notice at the moment of his death was a little misleading, though quite properly and naturally so. Such moments are for the *éloge* or nothing. It was a wonderful career, and that attribute is ever the lure for the majority of mankind. A London man, he migrated to the provinces, and became the idol of the hardest-headed community in the kingdom. A business man with no pedigree behind him, he became a leader in politics, still largely officered by the classes. His people had been for over a century in the wholesale

* "Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography." By Alexander Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches." Edited by Charles W. Boyd. With Introduction by Austen Chamberlain. 2 Vols. 15s. net. (Constable).

From an etching by Leonard Patten.

The Birthplace of Thomas Hardy, near Dorchester.

boot trade in Cheapside; and as a cordwainer of a City company, he learned, as part of his training, to make a boot with the best of his workmen. He was born in Camberwell, soil of poets in Browning's case, yet for all that, hardly a forcing house of genius in our day. His firm acquired an interest in an invention—something in screws—"wooden screws," his biographer calls them; but does he mean only screws for wood?—and Joseph, still in his teens, was sent to Birmingham to pick up that mystery, and finally to take charge. He made his fortune in twenty years, and, still in the prime of life, he went into politics — we know with what result.

In spite of his London birth, he was by intellect and by temperament a man of the Midlands—earnest, pushful, striving, masterful, and as argumentative as the grave-digger in Hamlet. His ambition was simply his pride and confidence in himself under another name. He graduated in his new career in the orthodox way, first as a local man by rendering priceless services to his township, and then rising, on stepping stones of municipal service, to Parliament, and to the Cabinet. His day of small things was the debating society, where he learned the give and take of controversy in the best school in the world. His line in wordy warfare was the offensive from the first. He attacked his comrades in the class, he went on to attack his leaders in the party, his colleagues in the Government, and, at a very early stage, he touched the shield of Gladstone himself.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.
From a drawing by J. W. Ginsbury.

He was in a parlous state in the estimation of the classes, when, as Mayor of Birmingham, it became his duty to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards the late King Edward and his queen. The very thought of it fluttered the dovecots of society. What would he do with his illustrious guests—or to them? Would he openly flaunt his depravity in their faces? In one word, would he be rude, or for once in his life, behave like a gentleman—if that were possible to a person of such antecedents. He chose the gentleman's part, both in its major sense of perfect dignity, courtesy, and consideration for everybody's feelings, and in its minor of a due regard for the dresses and appointments down to the "grooming," the eyeglass, and the button-hole.

He began his political career by describing Mr. Disraeli as one who "flung at the British Parliament the first lie that entered his head." It was merely his high spirits, or what a horse-dealer might have called his fulness of beans, but it was a grave indiscretion for which he made haste to atone by an ample apology. No wonder that, on his first appearance in the House, the Tory leader eyeglassed him with the curiosity of a student of strange growths in animal life. Still all made for his popularity. He became "Our Joe" for Birmingham, and the rising hope of all the Radicalism of the country. People, like him by thousands, and by thousands of thousands, began to feel that through him they were at last having their say in the councils of the nation. Both in his qualities and in his defects he was a representative man. Emerson has said that Napoleon was made by innumerable little Napoleons who wanted a champion. In like manner it might be shown that every other Chamberlainite was a little "Joe."

The "Radical Programme," without prejudice to the sincerity of what came after, was the crown and height of him. It fitted him like a garment, and it must have cost him a mighty effort to turn it inside out. The process is astounding, as it stands revealed in a "study of contradictions," one of the best chapters in the book. It is white-black, black-white throughout, with no half-tones to bridge the difference. "I am proud of being a parochial statesman," on one side; on the other, "learn to think imperially"—and so on through a good four-and-forty columns of solid print. His motives remain a secret for the Great Assize. Conceivably, he grew impatient of the Liberal pace, and thought to mend it with himself as driver, and the classes in the shafts. Changes of this sort are much less changes of conviction, point by point, than logical necessities resulting from the sacrifice of a single position. How many of those who set out with him for Unionism thought they were going to end with Tariff Reform?

These considerations, and the inevitable comparisons they suggest, constitute the charm of Mr. Boyd's ably edited volumes of selected speeches. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, in his brief introduction, naturally argues that it was all a matter of increasing growth of mind. From first to last, he says, his father was a great reformer

and a great Imperialist. Of the former there can certainly be no question. He quotes, with grateful appreciation, Mr. Asquith's fine tribute to Chamberlain the orator:

"He may be said, with truth, to have introduced and perfected a new style of speaking equally removed from that of either of the great masters of speech who then had the ear of the house and the nation, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. If he kept as a rule closer to the ground, he rarely digressed, and he never lost his way."

This, with a further reference to the power of his invective, exactly hits his note—simple propositions put plainly, and hammered home. One might open the volumes at random for examples: they are on well nigh every page. Take this one on his throwing up municipal for parliamentary work:

"I look with greater satisfaction to our annexation of the gas and the water, to our scientific frontier in the improvement area, than I do to the results of that imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal; and I am prouder of having been engaged with you in warring against ignorance and disease and crime in Birmingham, than if I had been the author of the Zulu war, or had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan."

This is plainness itself, with the "sly dig" to drive it home. One can almost hear the laughter and the cheers.

Gladstone and Bright were, of course, infinitely more than this, and their best speeches in consequence have a better chance of the immortality of great literature. Neither was essentially a local leader; their connection with places, from first to last, was purely accidental. Mr. Chamberlain without Birmingham at the back of him was quite unthinkable. His achievements in its service were miracles of energy, enthusiasm and will. The rebuilding of the city was but one; Birmingham University was another, and perhaps a greater still. His only failures belonged to the wider sphere. Tariff Reform was assuredly one of them, whatever else it was not. It is needless to prophesy as to its future; it is enough to limit the survey to the term of his life. No one can contend that he has left it in the same condition of growth as Mr. Gladstone left Home Rule. The points of difference between the two men are innumerable, and they extend even to their physical training for their work. It is not too much to say that Mr. Chamberlain died of Tariff Reform: the effort killed him. Mr. Gladstone came out of the Midlothian campaign like a giant refreshed. The one was a woodman, the other took his exercise in a hothouse, and much of his fresh air through the ends of a cigar. Gladstone was a power to the last. His name is everywhere in the record of constructive legislation; his great budgets remoulded the life of a nation. Chamberlain's direct contributions to statesmanship are few and far between. He served his city as many would have been proud to serve their country, and it is enough for his fame. He was one of the greatest townsmen of modern times.

DICKENS AS A REPORTER.

By C. Van Noorden.

IN a speech at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner in May, 1865, at which he presided, Dickens gave the following account of his reportorial career:

"I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy, and I left it—I can hardly believe the inexorable truth—nigh thirty years ago. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren here can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer, from my short-hand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise-and-four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. The very last time I was at Exeter, I strolled into the Castle-yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took,' as we used to call it, an election speech of Lord John Russell at the Devon contest, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the country, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure, held a pocket-handkerchief over my note-book, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession."

Charles Dickens.
From a sketch by Samuel Laurence (1837).

I have sought out the occasion at Exeter mentioned above, and find it to be the By-Election of Lord John Russell for South Devon in May, 1835; he had accepted office, and so was obliged to offer himself for re-election. He was unsuccessful, but a safe seat was found for him at Stroud, in Gloucestershire.

Here is Dickens's report, sent off from Exeter on Friday night and printed in the first edition Saturday morning—a great record for those times—no train, no telegraph, the reports being forwarded by galloping expresses:

THE "MORNING CHRONICLE,"
SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1835.
(Express from Exeter.)
Morning Chronicle Office,
Saturday Morning, Six o'clock.

SOUTH DEVON ELECTION.
(*From Our Own Reporter.*)

"Exeter, Friday night, Six o'clock.—This day took place the nomination for the vacancy in the representation,

occasioned by Lord John Russell's acceptance of office. The hustings were erected in the Castle-yard, and were most commodiously arranged, being placed against the Court-house, so that those who appeared on them approached from the Court-house; and the whole area was thus left for the crowd. The best accommodation was also made for those who attended for the Press. There was parted off in front of the stage, or hustings, a species of orchestra for the reporters, with boardings for seats and desks, and before that allotment there was a strong boarding to prevent the crowd breaking in upon this excellent arrangement. For this convenience the Press is indebted to Ralph Sanders, Esq., the Under-Sheriff. There was a door at each end of this apartment, so that its exclusiveness and comfort equalled the arrangement at the Houses of Parliament. The plan was more perfect than anything of the kind we ever saw, and it is to be hoped that on all similar occasions this orchestral plan may be adopted.

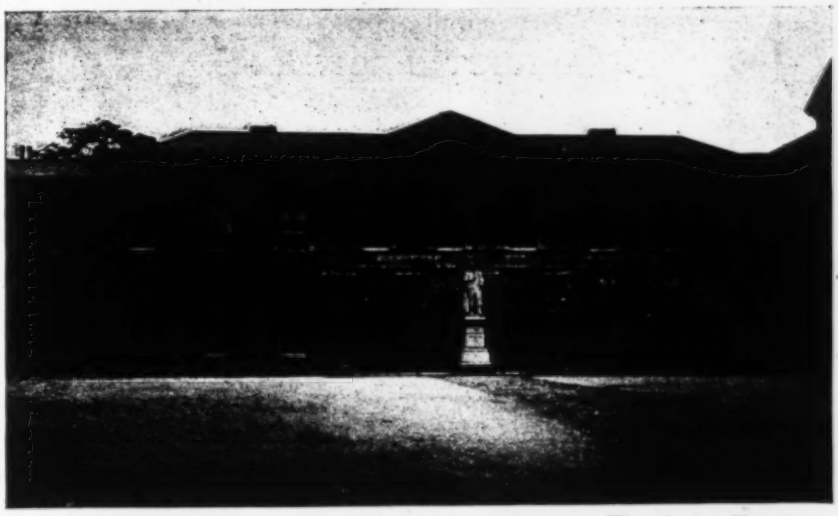


Photo by C. Van Noorden.

The Court House, Castle Yard, Exeter.

"No place better adapted for the purpose to which it was devoted on this occasion, than the Castle-yard can be imagined. The Court-house extends the whole width of one end; at the opposite extremity are the entrance gate and two lodges; and on either side is a beautiful green slope, plentifully studded with trees, the graceful appearance of which adds materially to the beauty of the amphitheatre we have described. Groups of people began to assemble as early as nine o'clock, from which hour until the commencement of the proceedings, carriages filled with ladies from time to time drove up and deposited their fair burdens at the Court-house, from the windows of which building they were enabled to see and hear what passed.

"Shortly after eleven o'clock, Mr. Parker, accompanied by a body of his friends on foot and bearing placards and banners, arrived; his appearance on the hustings was hailed with cheers and hisses—the latter, however, greatly predominated. Lord John Russell, attended by his friends, arrived immediately afterwards amidst tremendous cheering. His procession displayed a variety of elegant banners, on which were inscribed: 'Be True to Your King, and Vote for the Man of His Choice'—'Reform in Church and State'—'Civil and Religious Liberty throughout the World'—'The People, the Source of all Power.' On his Lordship presenting himself on the hustings he was loudly cheered by his numerous supporters, whose enthusiasm was in no degree damped by a heavy shower of hail which had been falling for some minutes. The colours of the Whig party were purple and orange, and a leaf of laurel; those of the Conservatives light-blue and pink.

"The hustings were crowded to excess by many of the most distinguished gentlemen of the county Indeed, the intense interest excited by the contest was apparent not only in the Castle-yard, but in all the principal streets, at the chief inns, and on the different roads leading to the town.

"Among those that we observed on the hustings, were—Sir T. Lethbridge (who has subscribed £24 towards Lord John Russell's election!), Dr. Bowring, M.P., C. Buller, Esq., M.P., Captain Hamlin, I. C. Bulteel, Esq. (the late member), Sir I. B. Y. Buller, Bart., M.P., the Honourable Newton Fellowes, M.P., Lord Ebrington, Edward Divett, Esq., M.P., J. Sillifant, Esq., Jun., W. Newman, Esq. (the proposer of Lord John Russell on the last occasion), etc., etc.

"At this period of the business there came on a tremendous shower of rain, which made the multitude fly in all directions, and which made its way through the hustings, and the temporary shelter provided for the reporters. So heavy a storm was not calculated on, nor guarded against by the tarpauling; and the rain came through the hustings in water-spouts in all directions, leaving no sort of shelter for any one. The storm continued with inveterate force for half-an-hour, by which time those on and under the hustings were completely drenched. It having then somewhat subsided, portions of the crowd returned, and the proceedings were resumed; but still the drippings from the hustings were so considerable as to make that station anything but an enviable one. As to taking notes of the speeches, that was almost wholly out of the question, for as fast as any attempts were made to take notes, the torrents were nearly sure to 'swamp' them."

After this description, which is undoubtedly by Dickens, followed the verbatim report of the speeches which it is not necessary to give here. One is glad to discover any example of Dickens's reporting days, and to rescue a writing of his, however unimportant, from oblivion.

NEW POEMS BY ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*

By HUGH WALKER, LL.D.

DIEGO VALDEZ found that he had sold himself "to bondage of great deeds": the High Admiral of Spain, whose will could "loose ten thousand," himself remained bound by chains himself had forged. Every kind of greatness must pay its penalty. The incognito of the monarch is a poor substitute for the natural obscurity of the insignificant man. He who has thought great thoughts or written great books finds, as surely as he who has done great deeds, that he has thereby sacrificed part of his liberty. He has no longer control over thoughts that are not great, if he has once uttered them, or over poems that are not great, if he has once committed them to paper. Somebody copies the manuscript, as one of the Misses Flower copied "Incondita"; or a person with a tenacious memory remembers what he has read or heard. Scott dictated to Hogg a long ballad long after the author had himself forgotten it, and had lost the manuscript. Or the writer thrusts the sheet into a drawer and forgets all about it; and there it is found after he is dead. Now the penalty of greatness, from which littleness escapes, is that, once it is found, publication is almost inevitable. The owner or discoverer is to be pitied; he is in an exceedingly difficult dilemma. Who is to judge between the claims of the great dead poet and those of the great living public? The great poet, too, is to be pitied: if he had judged the pieces worthy of publication, he would surely have published them. Those who are responsible for the appearance of these new poems of the two Brownings seem to have been fully conscious of the difficulty of their position, and inclined at least to suspect that their publication will, to say the least of it, in no way heighten the reputation of the two poets. Sir Frederick Kenyon, in his introduction, remarks upon the embarrassment caused to editors by such waifs and strays, and adds:

> "If the author is sufficiently eminent, publication of everything of his that remains above ground is eventually inevitable, and an editor is torn between the natural desire to make his edition complete and his equally natural reluctance to print matter which is not worthy of its author, and which the author himself did not consider worthy of publication."

The difficulty is justly stated. The Brownings are paying the penalty of greatness. If it had to be paid, we owe gratitude to the editor because the editorial work is so well done, and to the publishers for the thoughtfulness which has caused the book to be so produced as to make it an eighteenth volume uniform with the edition which Browning himself supervised.

It would be unjust to leave the impression that nothing in the volume has any intrinsic value. The eleven fragments by Browning which have never before been printed are, it is true, trivial; but "A Forest Thought" and "Helen's Tower," both of which have appeared in the "Centenary Edition" and elsewhere, have grace and beauty; and the unfinished "Æschylus' Soliloquy" has force and weight. The two boyish poems "The First Born of Egypt" and "The Dance of Death" are interesting. Would Browning have objected to their publication? The MS. copies, both of these poems and of "Incondita," were returned to him by the daughter of W. J. Fox, the friendly critic to whom they had been sent by Sarah Flower. He destroyed "Incondita," but either purposely or by chance spared these two pieces. In any case, they will not harm his reputation. No one will judge them except as juvenile pieces; and as the work of a boy of fourteen they are certainly remarkable. Browning is one of the numerous examples of the precocity of genius.

Of the six new poems by Mrs. Browning, the most interesting is that "To Robert Lytton," the manuscript of which was presented by Mrs. Barrett Browning to the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. The remaining five are from manuscripts recently sold. There are others still unprinted. The editorial note prefixed to "The Enchantress" says that the five are "representative" of this new material; and another note speaks of "The Maiden's Death" as one of a number contained in a certain quarto MS. volume. We may hope that the rest will remain in manuscript. It is at least questionable whether Mrs. Browning attained that degree of greatness which makes inevitable the merciless publication of everything. There is no reason to doubt that sound judgment has been exercised in the selection of the pieces; and if such judgment has been exercised, then what remains unprinted would injure Mrs. Browning's fame. The longest of the pieces, "Leila, a Tale," is Byronic in metre, in atmosphere, and even in name. There is a weakened Byronism in the sentiment. There is a Byronic Corsair; but he is surely the most improbable Corsair in all literature. There is a Minstrel Boy, who suddenly dies when brought out to make music for the fair Leila, the Corsair's daughter; and the Minstrel Boy's father "with maniac strength" dashes the fetters from him, when the pitying and sentimental Leila tells him in his dungeon the news of his son's death. A moment afterwards the captive, armed in some unexplained way, kills the Corsair. Surely Mrs. Browning—or rather Elizabeth Barrett, for the tale is supposed to date from the early thirties—did well to suppress this.

It seems a paradox to say that the most interesting part of a volume of poems is the prose it contains; but in this case it is the truth. Browning's note on "Parting at Morning" is worth more, not than all his poems here printed, but certainly more than all that are here printed for the first time. How many of his readers have divined for themselves that the "him" in the line,

> "And straight was a path of gold for him,"

is the sun, not the man, and therefore that it is the man who needs a world of men? Still more are the prose notes of Mrs. Browning superior to her new poems. They are unpretentious. The writer makes no attempt at a general criticism of the poems, though now and then she throws out illuminating remarks, as when she says with reference to "The Englishman in Italy" that

* New Poems. By Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With an Introduction by Sir Frederick Kenyon. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"for giving the *sense of Italy*, it is worth a whole library of travel books." Usually she aims at improving Browning's rhythm. The suggestions are almost invariably right, and Browning showed his good sense by almost invariably adopting them. But the fact that the suggestions were made and accepted is the clearest of all proofs that Browning's ear was defective. Every reader is conscious of his harshness, but many readers have believed that the harshness was necessary to produce the effect aimed at by the poet. So, in many cases, it is. But we see from these notes that in many cases it was due to an obtuse sense of rhythm. As a rule Miss Barrett is deferential: she feels herself to be in the presence of a genius greater than her own. Once, however, and once only, she writes words of vigorous condemnation. In "Time's Revenges" Browning had written the astonishing line,

"And purchase her the dear *invite*."

"I protest zealously against that word," says Miss Barrett. "Now isn't it a vulgarism, and out of place altogether here?" In this instance the lady could not protest too much. She is thoroughly right too in her criticism of Browning's inversions. When she objects to a rhyme of Browning's, we admire as King James admired Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence. But she disarms criticism by the double!! "I object to that rhyme—*I*!!" These notes are really valuable as well as curious.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original fable in not more than two hundred words, having for its subject Germany's action towards Belgium.

Robert Browning.

From a painting by Gordigiani.
From "The Works of Robert Browning" (Smith, Elder).

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric has been divided and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. McLandburgh Wilson, of 411, West 145th Street, New York City, U.S.A., and to Miss Marjorie Crosbie, of 3, Richmond Road, Wolverhampton, for the following:

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Long centuries ago a holy man
  Sang out his soul in ecstacy to God;
So sweet the rapture of the music ran
  An angel froze it to the hallowed sod.
Love, faith and worship all took form on high,
And Rheims Cathedral towered to the sky.

It stood through all the ages of mischance,
  Knew kings and peasants, lords and ladies fair;
It looked upon the sainted Maid of France,
  And sinners found a sanctuary there.
So for the sake of His most holy name
The ancient vandals spared it from the flame.

Then came the Germans with the breath of hell,
  The walls were melted and the music fled.
For all the beauty that men loved so well
  The Demon's discord pierced the air instead,
And what was once a prayer to God's far Throne
Stands now an awful blasphemy in stone.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

COMFORT.

I could not comfort you a year ago,
  But God since then has let me understand;
Now, when I see your tears so often flow
  I do not speak, I only take your hand,
    And then you know
  I, too, have walked thro' Sorrow's weary land.

I could not comfort you altho' I tried,
Until we met in silence yesterday;
The curtains of my soul were thrown aside,
You knew, you guess'd, all that I long'd to say.
I could not hide
The remnants of my own grief quite away.

I heard you weep, and, as the darkness fell,
It touch'd the strings of my own heart with pain,
I could not speak, because I knew so well
The thoughts that stirr'd within your soul again.
Time cannot quell
The yearning for an absent one in vain.

God gives me power to comfort you at last,
To calm the bitterness of your despair;
So let your burden now on me be cast,
For all you feel to-night my heart can share.
My grief is past
In the new joy of having *yours* to bear!

MARJORIE CROSBIE.

We also select for printing:

WAITING IN WAR-TIME.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

Hard, in a night unstarred, in a place of thunder,
At the lightning's gate,
To stand till one red brand smite the dark asunder—
Merely stand and wait!
Stand still, and feel earth thrill to the blow that shatters
Where a great wind whirls;
Stand dumb, till the slow cloud come, and the rain it scatters,
And the bolt it hurls!

O bard of a night ill-starred, a cloud but lighted
By the inner sun,
You stood, through storm and flood, till the wrong was righted,
The battle won;
Blind, bound, with no work found for the iron sinew,
The steel-strung nerve;
Yet who so wrought as you? Ye who wait, continue!
Ye also serve.

Hard! but the night is starred and the red cloud passes,
Or late or soon.
The sea of the time to be a white dawn glasses,
And a golden noon.
Hope without sight can grope: by the prayer prevailing,
Or soon or late,
Heart, we can do our part through the storm's assailing—
Can stand, can wait!

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)

A DEDICATION.

O, my Beloved, all my days
Shall be the sweeter for thy sake,
And ev'n my most uncertain lays
From thee a soft reflection take

As takes a worn and sea-wet shell
A little rainbow from the sun,
The hues of dawn and sunset dwell
In these few pearls I string for one.

Take these, and though the gift be small,
A robin voice when summers go,
Your heart will hold them, hearing all
The music I would have you know.

(Berwick Sayers, 65, Avondale Road, Croydon.)

Rather more lyrics than usual have been sent in this month but there is some falling off in the general standard of merit. E. R. sends an excellent poem, but it is a ballad. We select for special commendation the twelve lyrics by Peggy Grant (Burley), C. A. Macartney (Basingstoke), Adelaide Addenbrooke (Gravesend), Ian M. Macalister (Edinburgh), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), A. Henry Beer (Grahamstown, South Africa), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Enid Woolright (Chelsea), Thomas Moult (Prestwich), Eleanor Child (Hindhead), Edwin J. Pratt (Newfoundland).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. F. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E., for the following:

NEW GRUB STREET, THE NETHER WORLD, AND OTHER WORKS OF GEORGE GISSING.

"It's human natur, p'raps—if so,
Oh, isn't human natur low?"

W. S. GILBERT, *Babette's Love.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From a painting by Gordigiani.
From "The Works of Mrs. E. B. Browning" (Smith, Elder).

We also select for printing:

THE GERMAN DOCTRINE OF CONQUEST.
BY E. SELLIERE. (Maunsel.)

"The Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint."

COLERIDGE, *The Devil's Thoughts.*

(Rev. J. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

CONFESSIONS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, WITH TREITSCHKE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. (Hutchinson.)

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war."

Othello, Act I., s.1.

(Mrs. S. Stirling, Fordel, Glenfarg.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best epitaph on Militarism in four lines of verse is awarded to Mr. Reginald Gray, of Wythburn, Darlington, for the following:

AN EPITAPH ON MILITARISM.

This Monster lived on blood; his fare to reap
Through Time he ranged the earth from side to side.
Then the World went to war, and food was cheap:
He made a feast, was surfeited, and DIED.

Several of the numerous other epitaphs are very good—the best twelve selected for special commendation being those by Queenie Scott Hopper (Whitley Bay), Miss M. MacGranahan (Londonderry), Vera Larminie (Kensington), Fred Drew (Okehampton), Albert H. Candler (Canterbury), C. Roy Price (Wellington), Marie de Rylandt (The Hague), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), James Robertson (Chester), Miss E. Loveday (Oxford), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), G. H. Browning (Watford).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to Miss Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W., for the following:

FLEMINGTON. BY VIOLET JACOB. (John Murray.)

Our Japanese critics complain unceasingly of the ubiquitous "love interest" of the English novel. Here, then, is a work to their taste. Mrs. Jacob has contrived, in "Flemington," to write a stirring story of the Jacobite rising which culminated

in Culloden, and to keep up the interest right through, without one hint of "love." The book deals with the small things and people of the movement, rather than the big—Prince Charlie does not appear—and there is some brilliant characterisation not usually found in historical novels. Archie Flemington, spy and painter, is a charming and lovable personality.

We also select for printing:

INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan & Co.).

The title is an exact description of the contents of this book, in which concrete form is given to psychical experiences in a marvellous way! There is much interest contained therein to students of subconsciousness and other closely allied mental conditions, and the reader is "gripped" throughout by the writer's understanding of the facts with which he is dealing. Each of the five "incredible adventures" deals with a different phase of mentality, and, in each case, the *reality* of the psychical condition is insisted upon, as contrasted with the concrete facts of ordinary existence—the book is well worth reading.

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

THE ORIGINS OF THE WAR. By J. Holland Rose. (Cambridge University Press.)

Under this title Dr. Holland Rose has published the eight lectures in which, at Cambridge, last term, he sought to trace back the European struggle to its beginnings. His little book is a model of lucid, impartial, and scholarly investigation into questions singularly obscure and difficult. Although too brief, its narrow compass affords many evidences of patient research and of the true "historic sense." We must wait long ere the day of full and final knowledge dawns. Meanwhile, from the ample material already available, the author has framed a deadly indictment of German diplomacy and German ambitions.

(Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge.)

We also select for special commendation the twelve reviews sent in by E. J. Morton (Dewsbury), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Peter Winstanley (Bolton) Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), Reginald P. Connell (Kensington Park), W. Hamilton (London, W.C.), A. M. Davis (Cheadle Hulme), S. H. Jhabvala (Bombay), R. C. Lucas (Kidderminster), C. A. Bright Donovan (Wexford), E. C. Linn (Stoke Newington).

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow, W.

New Books.

THE MYSTIC PATH AND TERM.*

A little book on mystical theology, by a writer who assumed the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, is the fountain of Christian Mysticism. It became known in the West through the whole-hearted admiration of John the Scot—Joannes Scotus Erigena, *sæc.* IX.—who translated it into Latin and wrote annotations thereon. It became available in this manner during the centuries when Greek books were sealed. The tract taught that union with God was to be sought in casting out both sensible and mental images, by abiding in a negation of intellect and waiting for the Divine spark to fall into the interior obscure night, which was thus invoked willingly. Behind this veil of "mystical theology" there lay the great crux of mystical experience, based on the luminous scholastic distinction between Divine and human self-knowledge. According to this, God knows Himself in virtue of a direct act, or without the passage from subject to object, whereas man has to cast back upon himself by a reflex act when he seeks to realise that he is, and is also self-knowing. There is a passage from subject to object. This distinction constitutes *ex hypothesi* the barrier to union in the conscious sense between God and man, and the Dionysian mystic sought to overcome it by the self-emptying process which I have mentioned. That process and its influence can be traced through all Latin mysticism, and the crux accounts for the Latin thesis that after the fulfilment of every condition prescribed in the life of sanctity, the recompense of attained union might not follow, that which is postulated being the special intervention of God. In his interesting and lucid "Introduction to the Mystical Life," the Abbé Lejeune presents the thesis, perhaps, in its crudest form, when he affirms that the reward is a gift of God "which He makes to whom He pleases, and when He pleases." He does not, indeed, recognise the real difficulty, because it is implied rather than expressed in mystical literature. His book is disconcerting also by reason of the false analogy created as a point of departure. The work of man on the mystical path is said to consist in cultivating the ground for grace, "in watering the soil so as to render it fit for the heavenly showers"; but he cannot command the showers. If man, however, is a gardener in respect of his soul, he should be a sower of seed also, and irrigation does not depend entirely on the rain of heaven. As a study otherwise, the book is well ordered, but it depends from late authorities. One would say that the author knows nothing of Dionysian mysticism, nothing of Eckehart and Tauler, nothing of Jan van Ruysbroeck. He has done well, notwithstanding, to extend our knowledge of Alvarez de Paz, to whose great occasional lights I offer my personal homage. We need in these days a new understanding both of the path and term in mysticism. Whether the "images" were ever in reality cast out, whether the realisation of God was ever attained in the suspension of the reflex act, are questions which must be left open, but mystical literature offers no affirmative evidence that can be called conclusive. The notion that there is another way lies possibly behind the beautiful little book of Miss Evelyn Underhill, on "Practical Mysticism," understood in her definition as "the art of union with Reality," and as "an ever greater extension of experience, and enrichment of personality." I may not interpret "mystical contemplation" entirely in her sense, but I do not feel less sure that she should awaken many to the possibility of spiritual life in their own cases, and open simple modes by which they can grow in that life when awakening has already begun.

A. E. Waite.

* "An Introduction to the Mystical Life." By the Abbé P. Lejeune. Translated from the French by Basil Levett. 3s. 6d. net. (Washbourne.)—"Practical Mysticism: A Little Book for Normal People." By Evelyn Underhill. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

PRISONERS OF NAPOLEON.*

Of the prisoners of war taken on both sides during the interminable Napoleonic campaigns, the literary memorials that have descended to us are scanty in the extreme. It is curious. Consider that about a hundred years ago we had thirty, forty, and at one time nearly fifty thousand war prisoners in this country. Yet of the two great English prisons, or depôts, their inmates, and the strange life that was endured in these places for the better part of two decades, we of this generation should have next to no knowledge had it not been for the industry of two of our own writers. Mr. Basil Thomson (once a Governor of the establishment) has instructed us concerning Dartmoor; and to the minute researches of Dr. T. J. Walker we are

* "Prisoners of War in France from 1804 to 1814: The Adventures of John Tregerthen Short and Thomas Williams, of St. Ives, Cornwall." Introduction by Sir Edward Hain. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

indebted for an admirable volume on Norman Cross, the first depôt for war prisoners in Great Britain, of which there stands to-day no more than a morsel of stone wall in a green oasis in Huntingdonshire. Consider, again, how many thousands of British prisoners Napoleon held in France right up to 1814, and how little we have ever heard about them.

The more welcome, therefore, these simple narratives of the ten years' captivity of two hearty young Cornishmen. They are edited by Sir Edward Hain, who contributes to the work an ideal preface. Sir Edward had the advantage of knowing both men—and is himself but a youthful veteran. Does the reader start at this, for Short and Williams were back in England a fair stretch before Waterloo? It is less surprising than it seems. The two victims were striplings, when they fell to the French lugger off Beachy Head, and not so very far past the relish of their youth when they found themselves again in their own comely West.

John Tregerthen Short and Thomas Williams, cousins, aged respectively nineteen and seventeen, sailed from St. Ives with their uncle, Josiah Sincock, master and part owner of the brig *Friendship*. This was on or about the second day of January, 1804. On March 28th, off Beachy Head, the *Friendship* was cut out and overhauled by a French privateer and carried with her crew to Dieppe. Thence the prisoners were marched nearly 300 miles to the depôt at Givet, where their long captivity began. With the captain, Short, and Williams were four others: Josias Sincock's son, a boy of twelve; Thomas Cogar, A.B.; James Sincock, a youth of seventeen; and the mate, George Dunn. The captain and Cogar died in their prison at Givet.

To be ten years a prisoner of war is a bitter fate, but there were thousands who underwent it—English and French and others—until at Waterloo the power of Napoleon was finally demolished. Short and his cousins give us a moderately full record of their "adverse fortunes, hardships and privations," until at last we see them, with thousands of other British prisoners, despatched on a tremendous march through France "in order to avoid the allied armies advancing from the east." At Bordeaux, which our sturdy pair reached in April, 1814, they found that handsome city in possession of the British army from Spain, under the command of Wellington.

Leaving the prison at Givet on January 7th, 1814, the Cornishmen arrived at Bordeaux on the 27th of April; 110 days all told. They had been detained here and there fifty-six days, and were thus fifty-four days on the march in weather of every sort—mostly bad. Their total journeyings through France, from the time of their landing at Dieppe in 1804 to their entry into Bordeaux in 1814, were 1276 miles.

Tregerthen Short's narrative is as simple as anything of its kind could be. Williams's is not without some literary art, and rises into drama with the description of his four attempts at flight. Successful flights, by the way, seem to have been few, whether on the part of British prisoners in France or of French prisoners in England. An escaping prisoner of war runs, of course, the risk of a sentry's bullet between the shoulders. By many prisoners on both sides this risk was cheerfully taken; but the adventurer who succeeded in getting through the lines found himself a stranger in a strange country, clad for the most part in a manner to attract attention, and more probably than not betrayed by his speech. At Norman Cross, if memory serves, maps of the surrounding country were sometimes smuggled into the prison, and fetched a high price from those who were willing to make a bolt of it. The prisoners of Givet, lacking both map and compass, were severely handicapped. Sir Edward Hain glances at the truly remarkable escape of the midshipman Donat O'Brien, of the *Hussar* (who ended his honourable days as Rear-Admiral O'Brien); an exploit, or series of exploits, that gave Marryat his material for the best and most thrilling chapters of "Peter Simple." Donat O'Brien got clear at the third desperate essay. Thomas Williams had the hard luck to be four times foiled—at Givet, at Charlemont, at Thilt, and at Briançon—but if he did not command success he deserved it; and Sir Edward rightly suggests that his rank is with the notable prison-breakers.

Well, the two worthy cousins beheld the green cliffs of home again, and had a happier landing than the Ancient Mariner, for no one was driven mad at the sight of them. Tregerthen for his part, was haled into the nearest public-house. We have forgotten the price of ale just then, but it was not too stiff for the treating of a ten-year-lost St. Ives man.

Pleasant enough is Sir Edward's picture of the old gentleman is his garden in the early 'seventies of the last century:

"Without a coat, but in white shirt-sleeves, an open waistcoat front with a large black cravat, and wearing a tall hat, all after the fashion of sailing-ship masters of those days."

Smoking his long churchwarden,

"he related to my cousin (his grandson) and myself how the sailors at Givet had to make uniforms for French soldiers, and how his first attempt at tailoring led to his being severely punished because he had placed the button-holes round the tail of the jacket instead of down the front, and when telling the story the old gentleman shook with quiet laughter at the remembrance."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

The Gateway of France.

From "Prisoners of War in France" (Duckworth).

MORRIS HERE AND THERE.*

The twenty-first and twenty-second volumes of the "Collected Morris" contain "The Sundering Flood," some large fragments of prose romances, and some considerable fragments of mostly early verse, together with "Hopes and Fears for Art," and "Lectures on Art and Industry." The verse includes Morris's

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. Vols. XXI. and XXII. The Set of 24 vols, £12 12s. (Longmans.)

first verses, a scrap of a first draft of "The Man Born to be King," and a piece about one who went "all dizzied for a year," and saw himself:

"Sitting upon my bed waiting for day,
My blue enamelled helm touched by the grey,
Not showing that blue now, while from the neighbouring elm
The cocks send out that strange unearthly sound
Cocks crow at dawn, dawn slow in coming round,
So slow and very cold in coming round. . . ."

Another piece printed here, I think, for the first time, is described as Morris's last, written in January, 1896.

At Burslem, in one of his lectures, Morris said that the art of plain speaking was, perhaps, as difficult as that of pottery, "and not nearly so much of it done in the world." Perhaps it takes two to make a plain speaker; but if Morris always tried to be straightforward in lecturing he did something different in the poems and romances. He was a mixture of some elements not easy to mix. At one time he was attacking the school of "art, for art's sake" of which the end must be "that art, at least, will seem too delicate a thing for even the hands of the initiated to touch." At another time he was insisting that "neither can any work of art, not even the greatest work of art, a beautiful woman, look well in a bad house."

Was it that he was not invariably articulate? Some things, at least, in his prose and verse had a meaning for him which they cannot have for us. His critics and biographers have not harmonised the various elements in the man as he himself did, so long as he lived and wrote and swore.

Miss Morris does great service to some of these lesser volumes by letting us see her father doing and saying things that had no obscurity or ambiguity, and never got into his books. We see him writhing at a musical comedy, and calling the sportive leading lady a "damned pink toad." We see him reading aloud to the children Scott, Dickens, Borrow, Cobbett, some Icelandic Sagas, and, moreover, "Handley Cross," "Nights with Uncle Remus," and "Huckleberry Finn." In 1885 he wrote to Mrs. Morris: "If you want a good grin get hold of 'Huckleberry Finn,' by Mark Twain: you will be more or less than human if it does not make you roll about with laughter." Whether it did or not is left untold, which I regret more than "The Story of Cambuscan Bold." Another letter (from Queen's Square, October, 1873), contains a testimonial to Dumas:

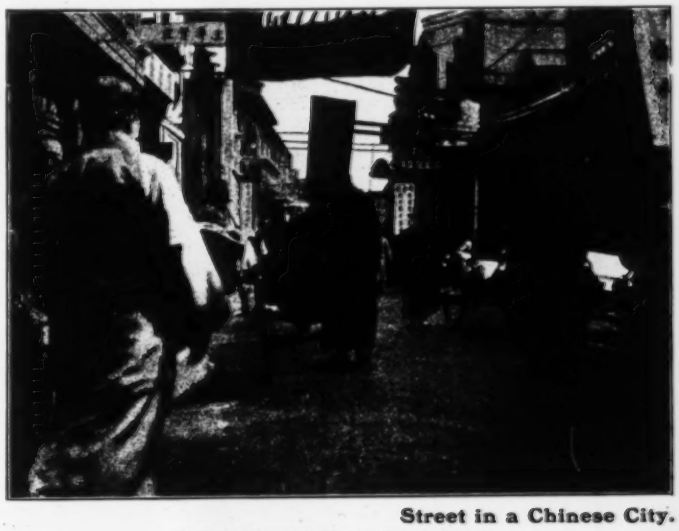
"It is wet and wild weather here now, but somehow I don't dislike it, and there is something touching about the real world bursting into London with these gales; and it makes me wish to travel in spite of my knowledge of how sick I should be at sea. It makes me feel lazy in the mornings though, and I feel as if I should like to sit in my pretty room at Turnham Green reading some hitherto unprinted Dumas, say about as good as 'The Three Musketeers.'"

It is likely that he kept the power of make-believe more than most people, and indulged it in his writings along with quite different powers, and if the reader has not the same mixture or cannot turn readily from one to the other, he suffers.

EDWARD THOMAS.

CHINA TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.*

The production of books upon China has certainly been stimulated by the stupendous Revolution which converted the Empire into a Republic, and set the rest of the world gasping at the shock to its ideas about what it used to delight in calling the Flowery Land. Opinions doubtless differ as to whether the Revolution has made China a more interesting country about which to write.



Street in a Chinese City.
From "A Woman in China," (Werner Laurie).

But the new China is certainly more accessible to the intelligent traveller with a book in view than was the old. It is true that the exploits of "White Wolf" and his like still raise obstacles from time to time. President Yuan Shi-kai, however, has a firmer hand than his Imperial predecessors in the management of such disturbers of the peace. And the spirit which used to prompt all the village children to greet the Western wayfarer from afar with shouts of *fan kwei* (foreign devil) seems to have declined, if it has not altogether passed away.

Of the three books before me, one is by a woman; one by a military interpreter in the Chinese language, with a special bent towards engineering subjects; and the third by a Wesleyan missionary. Variety is, therefore, to be expected by the reader; and expectation is not disappointed. First place may be given to Mrs. Gaunt, not only on account of her sex, but also because her work is decidedly the most interesting to the general public. Mrs. Gaunt is an Australian, connected by marriage with the celebrated *Times* correspondent, Dr. Morrison, and is already known as a novelist and an intrepid traveller, who in her "Alone in West Africa," described a more dangerous expedition than that which she relates in the present book. At the beginning of 1913 she set out for Peking, on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. Morrison, and with the intention "to gain material perhaps for a novel," as she confesses. Whether or not she gained that material, she, at least, gained enough for a very entertaining, and in some ways valuable, travel-book. Her style is peculiar—at once breezy and full of Biblical quotations—and her punctuation erratic. But she has the power of presenting the facts which strike her in a vivid manner, and her outlook is wide. "I felt I had a lot to learn," she says somewhere. She was not above learning, and is refreshingly free from the prejudices which mar the writings of so many who visit China from the West. Above all, she is tolerant in religious matters. Her description (pp. 143–50) of her visit to a Buddhist orphanage, under the escort of Mr. R. F. Johnston, is one of the most instructive parts of her book. Mr. Johnston, of whose contributions to our knowledge of China it is unnecessary to speak, evidently succeeded in convincing her of the real charity of the Chinese to one another, so different from what the superficial globe-trotter imagines it to be.

The aspect of Chinese life which affected Mrs. Gaunt most unfavourably was the position of women:

"Oh, the lot of a woman in China," she exclaims, "is a cruel one, civilised into a man's toy and slave. I had a thousand times rather be a negress, one of those business-like trading women of Tarquah, or one of the capable independent housewives of Keta. But to be a Chinese woman! God forbid!"

This is but one of many passages; for she admits that the condition of Chinese women is to her like King

* "A Woman in China." By Mary Gaunt. 15s. net. (Werner Laurie.)—"Forces Mining and Undermining China." 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)—"China's Dayspring after Thirty Years." By Frederick Brown. (Murray & Evenden.)

XUM

Charles's head. Well, we are told by admirers of the Revolution to expect much from it which will improve woman's life in China. It cannot be denied that there is ample room for improvement. But it is allowable to doubt whether the most up-to-date feministic ideas of the Western world are calculated to bring about the improvement—not that they have the slightest chance of spreading far in China, in spite of some absurd tales sent over the world when the Revolution was in its first fantastic phase.

Mrs. Gaunt has a keen eye for the mingling of the picturesque and the squalid in China. The sordid beauty of Peking was a good introduction for her, such as an entry into the country through Hongkong or Shanghai could never have been. It appears from her book that she confined her visit to the north, to Peking and its neighbourhood. But she has an adventurous soul, and contrived to see a great deal in a comparatively limited area. With her she took not only a keen eye, but also a camera, by the aid of which she has illustrated her text with 134 photographs, some of them of well-known scenes, but the majority new and interesting.

Mr. Usher writes with considerable insight about "the forces mining and undermining China." It is a pity that he is so enamoured of the play upon words conveyed in his title (where "mining" is to be taken literally) that he makes it *his* King Charles's head. His weakness is an excess of flippancy. He has, however, much to say that is worth saying, and his book should be read by those who give any attention to the new developments in China. Ordinarily people pay too little heed to the part played by the Western Powers there since the Revolution, though their part in the Revolution may be tolerably familiar. To imitate Mr. Usher's style, the Powers, while gasping at what has happened, have never ceased grasping. The chapter "On Loaning" is one to be read with special care. If anyone in Europe can regard the story of the Big Loan of 1913, and the various little loans about the same time, with feelings of pride, he must be an exceptionally constituted person. Speaking of one loan, Mr. Usher justly says:

> "This may be business, but it is not the attitude great Western nations ought to adopt towards China. It is usury of a worse kind than that of the Jew money-lender whose extortion is limited by British law. If it is business, then it is business of a sort which cannot find favour with God, and ought not to find favour with man. This sort of thing utterly undermines China."

The author of this book does not in any way disguise the complicity of the baser Chinese officials in the ruin of their country, and he castigates them without mercy. But his appeal is made specially to those outside nations who might help in the salvation of China. It is curious to read to-day that the best result, in Mr. Usher's opinion, could be obtained by a combination of the three great trading Powers, Britain, Germany, and the United States, to withstand the undermining influence of Russia and France, the disintegrating Powers where China is concerned. This suggestion was made, of course, before the present war.

Much of Mr. Usher's book is concerned with mines and railways in China. His conclusion is that "it will be a commercial and industrial sunrise which is going to regenerate the Chinese man and invigorate the Chinese national soul"; and he ends upon a note of hope.

The Rev. F. Brown has naturally quite different views as to the regeneration of China, looking to Christianity as the motive power. As, however, his present volume deals only with the Boxer rebellion (which now seems to us so distant), and he announces his intention of reviewing the Revolution and establishment of a Republic in another book, I have not kept for him enough space in which to consider what he says. There will be, perhaps, another opportunity for THE BOOKMAN to set forth his views, when the new volume appears. To the present one, the late Sir Robert Hart contributed an appreciative foreword. Numerous maps and illustrations accompany the text.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

OLD-YEAR POETS.*

The year gone out, writ in blood in the world's history, has had its quiet fruitage and harvest. Wars will pass, though "the Lambe's warres" of the old poet be never done while good and evil are at conflict in man's heart. One need not be invidious and say that "David in Heaven"[1] is the most beautiful book of the memorable year, because that would be to compare it with earthly books, whereas it is pure heavenly. Mr. Gales is own brother to the makers of "Jerusalem, My Happie Home," and "In a Valley of the Restful Minde." It is a big claim to make for any poet, but it is substantiated. This is saving grace; this is gold and spikenard. All the glow, the tender intimacy, the simplicity of the ages of Faith, are here. Listen to this:

> "In sweet fields of Paradise,
> In green gardens shady,
> Flowering crest of Jesse's Tree
> David sees Our Lady.
> Now to praise Our Lady's Child
> David's heart is ready.
>
> She the Lily, she the Rose,
> Has for carpet of her bowers
> Periwinkles and gilliflowers:
> She has music where she goes,
> Lute and harp and dulcimer,
> Singing spirits wait on her,
> David is the chorister
> Of her glories, joys and woes:
> Learnèd clerk or Latiner
> Never knew, as all aver,
> To praise her as David knows.
>
> She the Royal Merchant's ship
> Has brought her Food from far,
> From the weeping earthly lands
> Where pierced hearts and wounded hands
> And red garments are.
> On a harp of seven strings
> David tells of these old things."

And, again, there is the heavenly simplicity of this:

> "Messer Gabriel,
> Pray thee to retell,
> What thou seest pass
> Looking in God's glass.
> 'What will be the lot
> Of my honey-pot,
> Of my rose, my dove,
> Of my light, my love,
> Of my lambkin white,
> My darling, my delight,
> Of my dearest dear,
> Little Jesus here?'
>
> 'My lady, I see woes,
> Thorns for thy rose,
> For thy honey, gall,
> For thy light nightfall,
> For thy dove a cage,
> Made of cruel rage,
> For thy treasure loss,
> For thy lamb a Cross.'"

This book has the very heart of Christmas.

No earthly poet after Mr. Gales, but Maude Goldring has a spirit akin to his. Religion quickens "The Country of the Young,"[2] as it does "David in Heaven," and if it neither aims at nor reaches the achievement of the old carol-makers, it yet contains very beautiful luminous and liquid poetry, with a jewel-like sense of colour. The poets in our days keep us the immortal simplicities. It is as though a painter arose in our day to paint with the eyes and the heart of Filippo Filippi, or Francia, or Angelico, or Botticelli. Miss Goldring meets fairies as well as angels in her pilgrimage, and it is through Merry England she fares, where the fairies, according to a high authority, "were of the old profession." We are all learning religion nowadays, but it is the poets such as Mr. Gales and Miss Goldring who have never forgotten it. Miss Goldring knows well the secret art of joining great with simple things, the

[1] "David in Heaven." By R. L. Gales. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin Marshall.)

[2] "The Country of the Young." By Maude Goldring. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

humble mind of man with the heights of heaven, in which her brother-poet is past-master.

It is a long way to Miss MacKellar's "Witch Maid"[3] from these singers of vision. Miss MacKellar is an Australian. She sings songs of her own country and songs derived from travel in Europe. All are melodious and pleasant reading. But what one values most are the Australian poems, influenced, perhaps, by Europe and reading, but genuine poetic expressions, unlike the Adam Lindsay Gordon and Clarence Kendall school of a conventional wildness. I should like to quote "Settlers" to show what a charming poem can be made out of European influences, joined with a living observation of the Australian country.

"Fra Angelico and Other Lyrics"[4] is not without qualities. It has hope and faith, and if it reaches no lofty achievement of the poetic art, yet it is dignified and often gracious, and there is hardly one of the poems without a touch of beauty.

Mr. Arthur Lynch's "Sonnets of the Banner and the Star"[5] gives us an intolerable amount of bread to a comparatively little sack. At least half the volume is taken up with an essay on the sonnet, and the remaining half consists of often quite dignified sonnets, but with no special quality to justify publication. Mr. Lynch can write a sonnet, but the sonnet is just the one form of poem which must be superlatively good, or not at all.

Here is a little North of Ireland book,[6] somewhat homespun, but with a sweet air of the whin-bloom and the fields of flax about it. There is genuine poetry in some of these tiny songs, and the simplicity of it is added to by the northern dialect. Here and there Mrs. Hanrahan's little poems have an appealing charm, as in this wistful thing:

"I shut those windies, sure,
That's openin' wide the day:
I strived to whisht the bleatin' lambs
Down by, foreninst the brae.
I stole an' closed the door;
I latched the windies tight;
The bleatin' av lambs was on me—
God's wee new lambs to-night.

Ay, troth, I took the road,
I faced my way to town;
To-day I'm thankin' God there's lambs
An' heartsome sheep aroun'
Bewhiles I dream av fields—
Wide fields an' slow, glad sheep—
When bleatin' av lambs is on me,
Dream-childer come with sleep."

Mrs. Hanrahan is a welcome addition to the list of Irish singers.

"A Woman's Reliquary"[7] reminds us that the late Professor Dowden was a poet as well as a critic and the biographer of Shelley. While his poems were of no very marked originality, they were yet delicate and charming, and many of his sonnets linger in the memory of one who has not read them for a score years. Some of his lyrics were faintly, delicately beautiful. He was as an Æolian harp to the wind of his day, and the music and something of the glamour of Tennyson breathes through his poetry. It is the poetry of a room, a shaded lamp, books and pictures, rather than poetry of the open air. Dowden influenced the young men of his day and his University. His was a name to conjure with in the Dublin of thirty years ago. His personality was that of a poet, and if one whispers of derivations, well, there is sensitive charm and grace as well in these tiny love-lyrics of a man of letters.

Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young[8] is one of the most distinguished of our young poets. Poetry runs in his veins and is his by right; it finds expression in a fresh and stately manner and choice of words. He says:

"There is much comfort in high hills
And a great easing of the heart."

Well—he is never far from the hills. His poetry has a majestic air. Here are no little songs, but the songs of one climbing, his face towards the stars. And yet he can handle simple things—the romantic mind of a child amid accustomed haunts, with a fresh and clean simplicity. This is no poetry of the schools; it is essential poetry. It can be fanciful, as in the bee-poem, the words tumbling over each other and buzzing about, or it can be lofty, and full of the wild and the snows. It is always poetry, and poetry that invigorates with a sheer shock of delight. And it is very English—the poetry of the best one hopes for in the English public-school boy—manly poetry of the soul that loves hard, clean counsels of perfection, as the body loves the bracing of ice-cold waters and the sternness of physical training. This is poetry that counts.

Now and again a slender volume of poetry, bearing the name of Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, comes our way. It has an air of asking no recognition. It drifts in like a leaf on the wind among books of a deliberate appeal. Here is one, "Oxford,"[9] made up of human impressions amid the glory and grace of the enchanted city. The wife of a great Biblical scholar, the sister of a poet of achievement, Mrs. Cheyne's work takes on a separate and special interest from these two relationships; and she herself sustains the interest, for she is a true poet. Her little poems are always thoughts, delicately carved like a Greek gem. She has the love of humanity which we know in her brother's poetry, and religion has its gracious part in the shaping of her mind. In this thought she is at her best:

"God is not a looker-on
At the life of anyone,
But a bearer of all grief,
And a sharer in relief.

God can never stand aloof
In reproach, denial, reproof;
God is under every ban,
God is part of every man."

This is simple rhyme, but lofty knowledge.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

ALADORE.*

"Aladore" has been appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is now produced in a delightful volume, with delicate pencil sketches by Lady Hylton. Those of us who know our Newbolt, and prize every line of his which we can discover, will revel in this mediæval romance. It has all the charm of an old Arthurian legend. There are pitfalls before the author who writes in one century a book peculiar to another, but in Sir Henry Newbolt's case, with his blend of the modern spirit with the mediæval, one doubts if he was conscious of the difficulties, for never at any point in the tale does one trace any affectation in the narrative, or any labouring of the moral. We are introduced to Sir Ywain Sulney in the hall of Sulney doing justice upon wrong-doers, and among the bystanders is a little bright-eyed boy of seven summers who attracts Sir Ywain's attention, much to the detriment of the court business. So weary does Sir Ywain grow of his present life and so fascinated does he become with the little stranger, that he leaves Sulney in his company, having abandoned his finery and donned the simple vestments of the pilgrim. The key to the rest of the story can be found in a former book of Sir Henry Newbolt's "The Twymans," which contains this passage illustrative of the life of imagination and mysticism: "Althea and I are not settlers, we are pilgrims. We want to make a journey together. We don't know where we are going, exactly, and we don't know what we shall do when we get there. . . . But the journey is the only thing for us, because it's the only

[3] "The Witch-Maid and Other Verses." By Dorothea MacKellar. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
[4] "Fra Angelico and Other Lyrics." By Gregory Smith. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
[5] "Sonnets of the Banner and the Star." By Arthur Lynch. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[6] "Around the Boreens." By Agnes L. Hanrahan. 2s. (Duckworth.)
[7] "A Woman's Reliquary." By E. D. (Edward Dowden). 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
[8] "Freedom." By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)
[9] "Oxford." By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne.
* "Aladore." By Henry Newbolt. 6s. (Blackwood.)

way of life that doesn't end. Settlers have to turn out at last, and go into exile: a pilgrim can't be exiled, because the only country he cares about is always ahead of him." The country ahead of Sir Ywain is Aladore, the dream city, which can only be reached by trudging along the hard, hard road for seven years. In contrast to Aladore is Paladore, where many and dangerous adventures befall Sir Ywain, and where the magical gifts of his Lady Aithne are ready at hand for his service. Says the Prince of Paladore to Sir Ywain, "A dream is a thing of naught and a byword of folly. We approve all such things as have substance, and gold the chief and sign of all: and thereby is the repute of them which are great among us. For to do and to have is the virtue of men, but they which dream do nothing and gain no pennyworth." Which things are an allegory, and one reader records his gratitude to the modern Chrétien de Troyes.

TWO GREAT FRENCHMEN.*

It is a well-known fact that reviewers are needy and bibulous persons who hasten to barter books for beer at the earliest possible moment. Their reviews are written, of course, under the moist influence of the deal. In order to check this deplorable state of things, many publishers disfigure review copies with stamps of various kinds, so that the exchange value may be cut down to the smallest of Imperial liquid measures. At least, that is how I am forced to explain such phenomena as the marred appearance of the two volumes now before me. They are books upon whose "get-up" some thought has obviously been spent. The print, paper and proportions are all excellent, and the artistic green binding, with its strong black letters, must be called both daring and successful; yet Messrs. Constable, before sending copies to a literary paper, not only vigorously emboss "Presentation Copy" through two leaves, but insult the appearance of their own wares by advertising the price on the title-page—actually on the title-page—in the shrieking violet ink of a rubber stamp. Meanwhile, the price is legibly printed on the outside wrapper, where even the beeriest reviewer can see it. Is this sort of thing worth while? Whom does it benefit? Reviewers, by hypothesis, are people who care for books, and I know, in actual fact, one or two who answer that description. I suppose publishers prefer that their productions should fall into the hands of the less obtuse of critics. Why, then, do they go out of their way to affront the honourable bookishness of a bookman as a preliminary to asking his opinion? For my own poor part, the one consideration that would make me trade away a review copy on any terms is the fact that the publishers had taken pains to spoil its appearance. I feel under no obligation to a volume that is contemptuously disfigured by its own producers. I suggest that Messrs. Constable's energy might have been better spent in seeing that the translator of one of these volumes neither spelt the Roman name Verres with a French accent, nor gave the successor of Cæsar the Teutonic name of "August."

Turn we now to our immediate subject. M. Faguet's two monographs are very happily inspired. They are neither recondite nor obvious. They are just the sort of thing a cultured general reader will appreciate; for, while they tell him much about Flaubert and Balzac, they tell him even more about the art of criticism. Criticism is too often confounded with fault-finding. Criticism does indeed find fault, but only to make merit all the clearer. Properly understood, criticism is just enlightened enjoyment. To the cultivated mind, "Hamlet" gives a high degree of pleasure utterly beyond the coarse appetite that bolts crude messes of popular melodrama. Every reader, in so far as he is a worthy reader, is necessarily a critic. If we are to enjoy, we must not be passive: we must co-operate; and criticism is simply a mode of co-operation.

This cultivated enjoyment of the best in literature is what M. Faguet helps to promote. He deals not with abstractions, but with concrete instances, drawn from two well-contrasted subjects. Balzac is a type of the extensive genius, Flaubert of the intensive. Balzac lavished himself at large upon a world of characters and events, and as long as he got his people living and moving vigorously, cared not how badly the machinery creaked. Flaubert, on the other hand, concentrated himself upon one or two aspects of life, and took infinite pains to acquire the art that seems perfectly artless. Yet each was what we call a psychologist, though with different aims. Conceive a writer with abnormal powers of creative observation, a writer with a very high degree of the "experiencing mind" that Bagehot indicates as a note of creative genius. To what end shall he apply this keen sense of human idiosyncracy? A Dickens or a Scott will use that power to set afoot a long procession of intensely individual figures, all utterly unlike each other, and all vigorously, even wildly, alive. You will find few plain and undistinguished men in that long line. Any such who started were too feeble to go on; and those who pass by in the fulness of life are the grotesquely vital Micawbers, Dominie Sampsons, Captain Cuttles, Dugald Dalgettys, Noddy Boffins, and Gipsy Megs. Of this sort was the art of Balzac. Dickens and Balzac added to the typical figures of the world. They made a new mythology. They used their creative power to make extraordinary persons exhibit their extraordinariness. Flaubert used his to make ordinary people seem almost extraordinarily ordinary; he did not create new figures, he simply reproduced a few with thrilling accuracy. You can string off the names of Balzacian characters quite glibly—Rastignac, Goriot, Grandet, Rubempré, Brideau, Birotteau, Hulot, Vautrin, and so on for ever; but when you have mentioned the Bovarys and Homais, you have exhausted all that Flaubert did in the way of rememberable character, for (to me at least) the personages of "Salammbô"—even the loathsomely grotesque Hanno—are little more than the figures of grand opera, little more than Radames and Aïda, Amonasro and Amneris.

There is another striking difference. Balzac constantly obtrudes himself upon the reader; Flaubert made the suppression of himself almost a religion. M. Faguet seems to think that Flaubert was right, and that the novelist should always be impersonal. This is a disputable proposition, and one that the countrymen of Fielding and Sterne, Dickens and Thackeray, will find it hard to support. Stendhal, another apostle of impersonal art, describes the function of a novelist as being no more than that of a mirror by the roadside, reflecting without passion all that passes. This would be a rough world if we had to be judged by our own metaphors. The mechanical passivity of a mirror is exactly what art is not. Shakespeare knew better when he described the artist as holding a mirror up to nature; for a mirror in the artist's hand is very different from a mirror on the river's brim. Art is selective. The historian or chronicler might perhaps be likened to a mirror by the roadside; but the superiority of poetry to history was settled long ago by Aristotle. Oddly enough, too, M. Faguet quotes the tales of Voltaire as further examples of impersonal art. It is strange how differently the same things may strike different observers, for to me, "Candide," "Zadig," "L'Ingénu," and "Micromegas," seem as charged in every word with the spirit of Voltaire himself as "Tristram Shandy" is with the spirit of Sterne. In any case, the subject of personal and impersonal art is not one to be dismissed in a phrase. Shakespeare is always put before us as the mightiest example of impersonal art; and yet his alleged self-suppression has not prevented the composition of a whole library of inferential studies. There is a point where the least personal art ceases to be quite impersonal. After all, as Bagehot says, if a man writes a book, he must be such a man as could have written it.

The one respect in which Flaubert is unquestionably superior to Balzac is in his mastery of prose technique. Balzac is a careless, ugly writer who may be read without loss in a translation; but Flaubert aimed at a perfect music of prose. For him there was not any word at

* "Balzac." "Flaubert." By Emile Faguet. 6s. net each. (Constable.)

choice, but the thrillingly exact word which alone would do, and for this he sought with labour unstinted. Hear what M. Faguet says upon his method :

" Above all, he willed that his prose should be submitted to a hidden rhythm, a rhythm that the reader did not perceive, though real and unfailing. In the eighteenth century it was said that verse should be as beautiful as beautiful prose ; Flaubert desired that his prose should be as beautiful as beautiful verse, without ever including a line of poetry properly so-called. For that he had an excellent method which can be recommended to every writer ; he read aloud what he had written, carefully listening for any break in the rhythm, any dull sounds, or any beating of the words against each other. Maupassant tells us that ' he took up his sheet of paper and raised it to his line of sight, then leaning on his elbow, declaimed it in a slow, incisive voice. He listened for the rhythm of his prose, stopping as if to catch an elusive sonority, combining tones, avoiding alliterations and conscientiously placing his commas like halts on a long road. . . .' He himself said : ' A phrase can only live when it corresponds to all the necessities of respiration. I know it to be good when it can be read aloud. . . . Badly-written sentences do not stand this test ; they weigh on your chest, hinder the beating of your heart, and thus find themselves outside the conditions of life.' "

There is much here that should interest the reader as well as the writer. The best prose is best enjoyed when it is read aloud. Charles Lamb, truest of bookmen, knew that well. " Anything high," he says, " may, nay, must be read out ; you read it to yourself with an imaginary auditor." Try it, gentle reader. Take Newman's sermon, " The Second Spring," and read aloud the first two paragraphs, and you will find a cadenced beauty that the eye alone is apt to miss.

" Under which king, Besonian ? speak or die," is a question we fortunate readers are not bound to answer. We are not compelled to take sides in art. Writers must follow their own bent and hate that which tempts them from it. Balzac cannot be Flaubert, nor Flaubert Balzac ; but we, more happy, may enjoy both ; and happy, indeed, are those who can.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

PRISONERS OF WAR.*

It is almost fair to say that what Mr. Tighe Hopkins does not know about prisons and prisoners is not knowledge. He has written extensively on penal reforms in the daily Press and in the monthly reviews ; while among the volumes which he has published are books with such significant titles as " Kilmainham Memories," " Dungeons of Old Paris," " A Voyage Into Prison," and " The Man in the Iron Mask." Such a writer was obviously just the man to give us that brief yet comprehensive account of the varying position occupied through the ages by " Prisoners of War," which we all look for in these times of the All-Europe conflict. As a primer on the important subject with which it deals—and a book of 170 pages can be a primer only—Mr. Hopkins's latest *brochure* is in every respect admirable. It opens with a general chapter, entitled " Whom Have You at the Front ? " ; then touches on the treatment of prisoners in classical times ; compares the cruelties practised in the wars of the Middle Ages with those committed by the Germans to-day ; discusses the extent to which chivalry really ameliorated the fury of warfare in the so-called Age of Chivalry ; gives a summary of the treatment of French prisoners in England during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, and describes the condition of English prisoners captured by the soldiers of Napoleon. So much for " Prisoners of War," as an historical *résumé*. The remaining chapters of the book are devoted to a statement of the principles which regulate the status of modern prisoners of war and to an examination of the degree to which these principles have actually been put in practise in the English and German concentration camps of to-day. Finally, drawing largely from the pages of Steiber's " Memoirs," from Paul Lanoir's " The German Spy System in France," and from Dr. Graves's " Secrets of the German War Office," Mr. Hopkins deals with spying and spy prisoners ; while in conclusion he assigns two chapters to narratives of famous escapes in war, Colonel Rose's tunnel out of Libby Prison in the American Civil War, Mr. Winston Churchill's flight from Pretoria in the South African War, and Mr. Bernard Watkins's escape from an Austrian fortress in the war now raging. Among the most significant pages of Mr. Hopkins's book, are those in which he gives an account of the " frightfulness " practised by certain famous German kings and Emperors—Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, and Barbarossa's grandson, Frederick II. Those apologists for the virtues and beauties of war who pooh-pooh the tales of German atrocities, confirmed though they are by English, French and Belgian official reports, who airily dismiss them as the rehashings of stories from the North-West frontier, or the revivals of Indian bazaar rumours, may profitably be reminded of the barbarities which German monarchs commanded their troops to commit in former times. The indignant remonstrance which Gustavus Adolphus made against the rapes, the plunderings and the massacres perpetrated by his German mercenaries, can scarcely, however, be expected to find an echo in the heart of the Emperor who sent out his troops to China with orders to take no prisoners and to give no quarter. One word of complaint we must utter against " Prisoners of War." The account given of the treatment of English soldiers captured in France between 1803 and 1815 might well be bettered, is, indeed, far too skimpy. Perhaps, when he brings out a second edition of his book, Mr. Tighe Hopkins, will supplement the information he gives in this account by quoting rather largely from a recently published work which describes the experiences which some Cornish prisoners of war met with in France a hundred or more years ago.

W. A. L. B.

* " Prisoners of War." By Tighe Hopkins. 2s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Fiona Malcom,
author of " A Child's Fancies."
Photo by Weir Bros., Glasgow.

"I LISPED IN NUMBERS——." *

These two little booklets of verse, " Inasmuch . . ." and " A Child's Fancies," have a timely and peculiar interest : they are written by two of the youngest poets who ever found their way into print, and the profits arising from their publication are devoted to the assistance of those who have suffered in the Great War. Both books have

Peggie Lawford.
Photo by Debenham, Longman & Co., Cheltenham.

* " Inasmuch . . ." By Peggie Lawford. 6d. net. (Cheltenham : Looker-on Printing Co.) —" A Child's Fancies." By Fiona Malcom. Third Impression. 6d. net. (Glasgow : Mackinlay & Co.).

had a considerable sale; from the sales of "Inasmuch . . ." an appreciable sum has been derived for the assistance of the Belgian Relief Committee, and those of "A Child's Fancies" have already, we understand, yielded nearly fifty pounds, which has been distributed among various War Funds. Fiona Malcom, the author of the latter, is a little girl, nine years of age, the daughter of a well-known Glasgow musician. She is unfortunately an invalid; suffering much pain, and being partially crippled by rheumatism she dictates her verses, which we are assured have not been revised or edited by anyone but herself. She would seem precocious in writing of love, without the explanation that the "love" she addresses is her mother. The verses show a remarkable sense of rhyme and rhythm, a pretty fancy and, considering her age, a good vocabulary and real skill in the use of it. But the charm of the little songs lies in their complete naturalness, their perfect simplicity. "The Cradle Song for the War Babies who haven't seen their Daddies" s just such a song as the mothers of such babies might sing; and "Daddy" very simply and naturally embodies the child's love of her father, her delight in his music, her regret that, teaching it to others, he has to be so long absent from her daily. There is a graceful snatch of song, "Woodland Voices," which ends:

"The starlight failed, the moonlight paled,
A light in the east is born;
Comes a little breeze—hark! a thrush in the trees,
Lo! 'tis the morn";

another, "Fairy Frolic," is a dainty, airy scrap of eight lines; and another as short, "My Lady's Garden," my lady being her mother, may be quoted in full, as representing the general quality of the poems:

"Roses red, carnations too,
And the larkspur's stately blue,
Love-in-a-mist, sweet-scented stock,
Homely phlox and hollyhock,
Nodding in the noon-day glow
In my lady's garden grow,
A lovely place and full of grace
To match my lady's mind and face."

Peggie Lawford, the author of "Inasmuch . . ." is thirteen, the daughter of a shorthand teacher and typist at Newton Abbot. There is a good deal of merit, too, in her verses. She published another book early last year, "Gone in Bloom," which is already out of print. As was to be expected, her work has a somewhat more mature touch and choice of subjects. There is sound patriotic fervour in "Soldiers of the Motherland," and in "Whisperings of the Sea," and there is all the sympathetic imagination of childhood in "The Spirit of the Wind"—

"Dost thou hear it? Brother, 'tis the Spirit of the Wind
Howling like a wolf around the creaking door;
Can'st thou hear his unseen garments trailing far behind,
As he rushes in a fury o'er the moor. . . ."

Without talking seriously of the promise in the verses of these very young singers, it is undeniable that they are interesting and remarkable. Apart from the fact that they have done good service in a good cause, their own merits sufficiently justify their publication—they are, in each case, such attractive and such sprightly runnings of such a very early morning muse.

HIS INFINITE VARIETY.*

The publisher, in his advertisement of this book, expresses surprise that Mr. Frank Harris's work has not achieved the popularity it deserves. But why should Mr. Grant Richards be surprised? He is himself a *litterateur* and a man of the world (in the best sense of that rather invidious phrase), as well as a publisher. And so—surely!—he should know the secret of his author's comparative failure to establish himself as, perhaps, the greatest living writer of short stories.

Mr. Harris's outstanding fault in the eyes of the British Public may be summed up in the one word, Versatility. The British Public does not like versatility, does not understand it. For the British Public is very like a child. And just as the child, when the funny uncle has made a funny face, cries, "Do it again! Do it again!" so does the British Public to the artist who has pleased it in any way. In England, if you would achieve popularity as an artist, you must specialise. If you are an author you must take some small corner of the world, or some small common thing—whiskers, for instance, will do—and write eternally about that. You must for ever repeat yourself. You must never be unexpected. You must be the sort of author whose books are all so alike that it is almost impossible to disentangle the threads of their themes when you try to recall them severally. And Mr. Frank Harris is not that kind of author. As in his first volume of short stories, "Elder Conklin," and in his second volume, "Montes the Matador," so in this last volume he is undone by his infinite variety. And I am afraid—whilst I am glad—that he is by this time incorrigible.

Each story in this collection has its own strongly-marked individuality. There is realism of the very highest kind in some of them; there is fantasy in others; there is a Rabelaisian flavour in one, "A Miracle and No Wonder," and there is satire, veiled in allegory, yet keen-edged, as in "The Ugly Duckling." But I think I like best in this collection of cameo-clear masterpieces such slices of raw life as he gives us in "The Vale of Tears" and "A Daughter of Eve": tragedies both, though in different keys, and both alike illumined and dignified by the finely impersonal touch with which Mr. Harris limns in these living creatures of his imagination. But then there is the exquisite comedy of "Isaac and Rebecca," in which the character of a mere girl is shown to be so much more firmly-moulded than that of her rather feeble, irresponsible father. She assumes control of him and his affairs as the master-whip takes the reins, with a sure and yet a light hand that over-rides and overbears the restless wilfulness of his team of blood-horses. But no! That simile will hardly serve; for there is little of the blood-horse in the composition of David Isaac, Rebecca's father. And yet, maybe, the simile is not so inapt, after all. For there was a certain spirit and fire latent in the obese carcase of Reuben Levison, the wealthy banker, whom the girl so easily cozens and wheedles and finally subjugates by means of that essentially feminine weapon, jealousy. I have never read a story of such delicate and yet profound quality, better conceived or better rendered. It would of itself—in France, say—make the reputation of any author.

"A Fool's Paradise" is another story of a most subtle significance. It tells of a boy who is accounted an idiot because he is always laughing. He is always laughing because there is something wrong—or right?—with his eyes, so that he sees all things and all people grotesquely distorted. He sees not one facet of a thing or a person as the average person does, but many facets, and all simultaneously. Thus the world is for him replete with humour . . . until a brilliant, blundering scientist comes along, puts right that defect of his eyes, and enables him to see as others see, dully and narrowly, thus transforming the boy from a being of light and laughter into a dull, moping loon. Here is indeed an idea worthy of the greatest literary traditions. This so-called idiot-boy, we suspect, stands for the exceptional man, the man of geinus, to whom nothing is commonplace, to whom the everyday prosaicisms of life are all shot with a radiant whimsicality.

But to take these stories one by one, and expound them—however clumsily—would be alike unfair to the author and the reader-to-be of Mr. Frank Harris' wonderful book. I have merely tried to suggest to the best of my ability that he who runs may read in this volume such stuff as the work of genius is made of. And I have not the slightest hesitation in using the much-abused word, Genius, in this connection. We have had many fine short story-writers—though the criticasters say No. There was Kipling. There is still Barry Pain—in certain moods. There is Algernon Blackwood and Joseph Conrad, and perennially the inimitable Jacobs; masters all of this most difficult craft. And there are others. But none so great, none so fully versed

* "The Yellow Ticket, and Other Stories." By Frank Harris. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

in the art as Mr. Frank Harris. For above and beyond the technical excellence of his work there is yet another thing that distinguishes him from the ruck.

He has a point of view. His themes may vary widely, as they do; but his outlook upon the world and his fellow-creatures is ever the same. To him all things are as they are because they could not, in their very nature, be otherwise. So he is content to remain the seer and let others assume the scarlet and ermine of the judge, if they will. He has observed life too long, too closely, too clearly, and from too many standpoints to feel himself justified in expressing any opinion upon the faults and virtues of any erring mortal. He is full of that divine charity which is born of that sublime wisdom of the heart that we call Love. His name may be written down with that of Abou ben Adhem as one who loved his fellow-men. And it is not a blind love. He sees with an almost preternatural insight into the very soul of man. He reads what Time and Chance have written there, and whilst he sorrows or rejoices or pities, he never condemns. He neither blames nor praises nor criticises: he just tells what he sees, and leaves comment to the shallowpates. And that is the crowning glory of his art, an art as rare and beautiful as it is bound to be misunderstood.

Indeed, Mr. Frank Harris's book is so good that it will be a miracle if it is not censored.

EDWIN PUGH.

"THE WINNOWING FAN."*

It did not need this war to make us aware that Mr. Laurence Binyon was among the most genuine of our patriotic poets. His "Europe MDCCCCI. to Napoleon," his "England," his "Milton" ode, and the more recent and most memorable "Thunder on the Downs" were sufficient to establish that position for him. His patriotism is of a fine and austere order, based on a high aspiration, and on a faith unexaggerated by idolatry. It is by no means uncritical, and never boastful or arrogant. Above all, it is not to be confused with the mere pugnacity which is sometimes allowed to impose itself as patriotism.

Nevertheless, since the outbreak of the war Mr. Binyon has produced a series of poems which in their fineness of sentiment and artistry overtop the achievement of any other writer. The dozen of pieces which he has gathered into a volume are all of them worthy of the permanence thus offered them. A noble indignation, none the less patently fervent for being usually expressed with great restraint; a freedom from cant which unfortunately is not so common that it can be taken for granted; a sustained adequacy of diction and pregnancy of phrasing: such are the virtues of these poems.

In "The Fourth of August" Mr. Binyon expresses his faith in England's equality to her destiny:

> "For her immortal stars are burning,
> With her the hope that's never done,
> The seed that's in the Spring's returning,
> The very flower that seeks the sun.
>
> She fights the fraud that feeds desire on
> Lies, in a lust to enslave or kill
> The barren creed of blood and iron,
> Vampire of Europe's wasted will . . . "

"The barren creed of blood and iron" receives no mercy at his hands, his

> "Divine anger flaming upon those
> Defamers of the very name of man,
> Abortions of their blind hyena-creed."

But, a poet rather than a satirist, he affirms better than he denies, and curses the German less finely than he praises the Belgian:

> "O race that Cæsar knew,
> That won stern Roman praise,
> What land not envies you
> The laurel of these days?"

* "The Winnowing Fan: Poems on the Great War." By Laurence Binyon. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Captain Horace Wyndham,
Author of "Stage Struck" (Richmond).
From a photo taken in France, where he is now with his regiment.

Perhaps the two most perfect pieces are those "To Women" and "For the Fallen."

Of a larger sort, however, is the "Ode for September." The ode is a favourite form with Mr. Binyon, and well suits his serious and dignified muse, but he has never used it more adequately than in this confession of clear-sighted optimism. He faces without flinching the whole horror of the event:

> "But oh, how faint the image we foretold
> In fancies of our fear
> Now that the truth is here!
> And we awake from dream yet think it still a dream.
> It bursts our thoughts with more than thought can hold;
> And more than human seem
> These agonies of conflict."

It is as though lightning and the earthquake were deliberate in their destructiveness. But his faith is unshaken.

> "Fury of hate born blind,
> Madness and lust, despairs and treacheries unclean;
> They shudder up from man's most dark abyss.
> But there are heavens serene
> That answer strength with strength; they stand secure;
> They arm us from within, and we endure . . .
>
> O heirs of Man, keep in your hearts not less
> The divine torrents of his tenderness!
> 'Tis ever war: but rust
> Grows on the sword; the tale
> Of earth is strewn with empires heaped in dust.
> Because they dreamed that force should punish and prevail.
> The will to kindness lives beyond their lust;
> Their grandeurs are undone:
> Deep, deep within man's soul are all his victories won."

But quotation, though it is the easiest way of showing the quality of the poem, is a violation of its harmony and an injustice to its ardent logic.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Novel Notes.

STAGE-STRUCK. By Horace Wyndham. 6s. (John Richmond.)

Mr. Horace Wyndham has now placed nearly a score of novels to his credit. About a third of them have been stories of military life, and among these are some of his best, but none, we think, has been better than his brilliantly satirical social study, "Reginald Auberon." His last four or five books have dealt with the stage, and show an intimate knowledge of the inner life of the theatrical world. He differs from most novelists who take us behind the scenes in that world, in that he depicts the people there as neither more nor less immoral than the average run of mankind, and

somehow he succeeds in convincing you that his pictures are true. In their own way his stories of stageland are as realistic as any in that kind that we have read. "Stage Struck" gives you the history of Stella Stannard, who, left alone in the world with a capital of twenty pounds, dislikes the idea of becoming a nurse, clerk, typist or governess, and resolves to make a livelihood on the boards. She is ruthlessly swindled at the outset by one or two rascally theatrical agents, but wins through, and you follow her in all the phases of her chequered career with unfailing interest—from her first appearance, through the miseries of touring in the provinces, and the excitement of a London success, to the beginning and developing of a charming love romance that gives her story a happy ending. Mr. Wyndham writes with such large sympathy that some of his sorriest rascals are amusing and even likeable; he makes you realise the squalor and hardship of stage life as well as the glamour of it, the tragedy as well as the humour of it. A varied and attractive narrative, and one that stage aspirants in particular will read with both pleasure and profit.

COUNTRYMEN ALL. By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

The many-sided Irish temperament is excellently portrayed in these warm-hearted little stories and sketches of life in John Bull's other island. The book relies for its charm on its unaffected representation of simple hearts stirred by elemental emotions. For example, we look into a little thatched house by the roadside and see within a young mother weeping over her dying child. She seeks consolation at Our Lady's altar, and finds it, at length, in a vision of the statue's arms closing about her baby. Or again, high up on the mountain side, in a wind-swept dwelling overlooking the sea—the sea which has swallowed her men-folk—the widow Dougherty waits and watches at her door for a car coming round the road below; her daughter has promised to return from America with money in her trunk "to buy you an' me the little farm out o' sight o' the lonesome say." Occasionally the author presses a legend or two into her service, as in the story of the fox-hunter whose horse's hoofs on a dark night may still be heard pounding away over the hill into Eternity. A grimly humorous little study is that of the woman who, feeling death is not far off, looks forward with relish to the handsome "berryin'" she will have, thanks to the money she has put by for the purpose. "I grudge every minit I'm above ground, an' the money dwindlin' an' dwindlin'," she moans. Best reading of all for a winter night is to be found in a number of anecdotes told round the fire by a company of genial priests, who vie one with another in recalling their queerest and most "creepy" death-bed experiences. All who enjoy little slices of Irish life will find much to their taste in "Countrymen All."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES. By Maximilian Foster. 6s. (Appletons.)

"Keeping Up Appearances" is happily named, for the plot is concerned with the attempt of Jim Agnew, a good-hearted but vain young man, to maintain a wife and an establishment in a manner hopelessly beyond his means. As in real life, the attempt is doomed to failure, and after the disillusionment comes a return to sanity and happiness. Mr. Foster knows American business life intimately, and his portrayal of the subtle distinction between business and private friends is very happy. Jim is a University man, and his first post after "coming down" is a clerkship in a "coal operator's" firm in Ohio. When a foolish desire to swell his salary prompts him to demand a rise, he is refused, and his head swells instead. He scornfully wipes the dust of the office from off his feet and seeks out an old college friend in New York from whom he secures a position. The efforts to keep up appearances among the aristocracy of Wall Street make most diverting reading. When the inevitable crisis intervenes, Jenny (a most lovable little wife) induces Jim's old firm in Ohio to reinstate him. The book is an amusing satire on a phase of life which is by no means confined to one continent.

BALDRAGON. By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

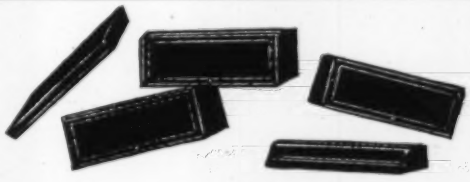
If you are looking for an out-and-out sensational story, you cannot do better than get a copy of Mr. Harris-Burland's latest novel, "Baldragon." In Ralph Baldragon, we have a hero who should win the sympathy of all who follow this unfortunate gentleman's adventures from the time when he first learns with horror the use to which Sir John Amyatt has put the wonderful replicas that he (Baldragon) has made of some world-famous works of art, to the time when he gets the long-delayed reward for all his sufferings. We fear that most readers will be frankly disappointed in the heroine (if Joan Amyatt is supposed to be the heroine)—she is a poor milk-and-water creature, who is made to lose the reader's sympathy, which she does not regain, and we therefore grudge her the happy ending which should have been Charity Mordaunt's. But as to the villain of the piece, no one can grumble that he does not fit his part; indeed he fits it too well. Impostor, bully, swindler, murderer, are only a few of the appellations that describe his character: he is an amazing man who can poison his enemies as calmly and easily as he can light a cigarette. There is no lack of vigorous action in the tale, and the reader's interest is kept constantly whetted with one exciting event after another from beginning to end of the book.

BUT SHE MEANT WELL. By William Caine. 6s. (John Lane.)

Boswell told Dr. Johnson that fond parents filled him with exasperation when they forced him to pay their children empty compliments. Thereupon the great man thundered: "You are quite right, sir. We may be excused for not caring much about other people's children, for there are many who care very little about their own." Now, Mr. Caine's new book deals with a little child of four years, named Hannah Neighbor, and the author is good enough to warn the reader that "in order to enjoy the society of little girls like Hannah you must have passed a good night and have nothing on your mind," and adds that he has had to "nerve his fingers for the writing of all dismal things" concerning her, and that "there is a special hell for such little children." It will be seen, therefore, that the author does not care overmuch for his Hannah who, when taken into the country for a few weeks, played any number of pranks, some of them (as was to be expected from so young a child) very silly, a few of them quite dangerous, none of them either original or funny, and all of them very tiresome. Moreover, she is not in the least a loveable little thing, else how easy it would be to forgive her! Neither are we at all convinced that she meant well. If such a child as Hannah exists—and we are far from being sure—it is to be hoped that by now she has received more spankings than were meted out to her in Mr. Caine's book. The author has been unfortunate, perhaps, in the choice of his theme, but the book contains descriptive passages that are exceedingly good, and his gift of writing easy and natural conversation is used with much effectiveness.

THE PATH. By Edmund White. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Edmund White is one of the most conscientious of novelists, and in this study of India and the East his gift of psychological analysis is again displayed to advantage. The charm of the book lies more in the delicate pen portraits of Eastern scenes than in the interest of the narrative, for truth to tell, the author fails to win our sympathy in his hero and his message. Sayidd Ali Husain abandons his old Islamic faith after coming in contact with the West, and the novel is concerned with the return of Sayidd to his native country, where he endeavours to spread his new faith. He tells the assembly, convened to hear his teaching, that the creed of Islam is no longer a living force, that its spirit is spent, and that the people moulder in lingering decay. He is impressed in the West with the Western man's religion. "On one day in seven he may profess to believe that this life does not matter much; but his practical concern on the other six days is to subdue the world to the purposes of man and to help men to live a



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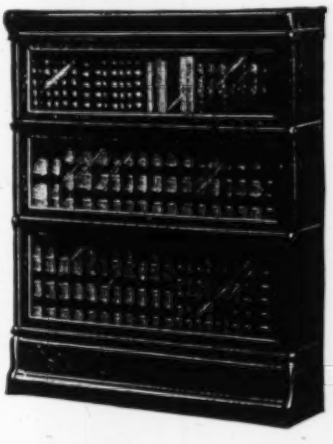

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